

GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE.

DRUMB & SUTOR, Publishers.

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W. Gross & Co.

The Largest Exclusive Grocery
and Flour Store in Wood County

IN anticipation of a tremendous holiday trade yet to come, we have put in the largest stock of

**Crockery, Lamp Goods
and Glassware**

We ever carried. In FLOUR we handle the product of two of the leading mills of Minnesota. With every sack of OUR flour goes the MILL guarantee, a guarantee as substantial as the Bank of Grand Rapids. Yours for business.

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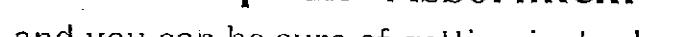
People who are Particular

What They Eat always insist upon having **Dewey, Victoria or Sunbeam Flour.** Bread made from it retains all the elements of the wheat that goes to make brain and strength and has a delicious wheat flavor that is all its own. Sold by all grocers. If not at yours, write the mill.

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Take Your Choice



We Keep an Assortment
and you can be sure of getting just what
you want in the line 
Of Building Material.

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E. GRAND RAPIDS, NEKOOSA, W. GRAND RAPIDS.

WISSMER & PASSER,
Manufacturers of

**HAVANA and
DOMESTIC CIGARS.**

5c—Bell Rose and Cuban Specials. 10c—El Puerto.

In our retail department may be found a full supply of Tobaccos and Cigars, Pipes and Smokers' Supplies. Patronage solicited.

WEST SIDE.

GROSS' OLD STAND.

MET SUDDEN DEATH

SHERIDAN JESSMER THE VICTIM

Is Crushed by a Heavy Timber and Lives Only a Few Hours—Body Is Brought Here.

Sheridan Jessmer, who was working in the paper mill of the Flambeau Paper company at Park Falls, was killed on Saturday afternoon last by being crushed beneath a timber which fell upon him. The accident occurred in the afternoon and the injured man lived only a few hours afterward.

Mr. Jessmer had gone to Park Falls only a few weeks ago to assist in putting up the paper machines in the mill, the structure having been destroyed by fire some two years ago and had been rebuilt. Work on the mill was being hurried forward as rapidly as possible and several crews were at work, some of the men being engaged in the basement and others in getting the machines into working order. Mr. Jessmer was with a companion working beside one of the machines and almost directly overhead were some timbers that had been used to lower piping into the basement. One of these timbers had been removed, leaving another in a very insecure manner, being held only by a rope.

During the work the rope became shifted or loosened and the timber started to fall. Some of the workmen saw the danger and shouted to the men at the machine. One of the men jumped aside and got out of the way without injury, but Mr. Jessmer had just time to turn his head and see the timber coming when he dodged to one side and his head was caught between the timber and the machine, cutting two ugly gashes, one on the right side and the other on the left. The timber also struck his right leg and crushed it in a horrible manner, so that when he was picked up by his companions there was no doubt in their minds but what he was beyond human aid.

There was found to be life in his body when he was picked up and a message was sent to his wife in this city telling of the accident and summoning her to his bedside. Mrs. Jessmer left the same evening for Park Falls, but arrived too late to see her husband alive.

The body was brought to this city on Monday, being accompanied by Mrs. Jessmer and Rudolph Schneider, the latter being a fellow workman and a member of the Woodmen of the World, of which order Mr. Jessmer was also a member. The funeral was held this morning at 9 o'clock from the Catholic church, Rev. P. Van Roosmalen officiating.

Mr. Jessmer had been a resident of this city for the past six years, having been employed in the Biron paper mill until the strike occurred last spring. He was a man who was well liked by his associates and will be mourned by a large circle of friends. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss, as well as a father, mother, brother and sister, the latter being residents of Appleton. These were in attendance at the funeral.

The new Lutheran church at Vesper was dedicated on Sunday by some elaborate and impressive ceremonies and a large concourse of people witnessed the ceremonies and heard the sermons. A special train was run from Nekoosa to Vesper, stopping at all of the intermediate points and this carried about two hundred people. Services were conducted by Rev. J. L. Bittner, pastor of the Lutheran church in this city, assisted by Rev. Baese of Sigel and Rev. Selle of Nekoosa.

The congregation at Vesper have reason to feel proud of the efforts that have built them this new church, as it is only a short time since the first meetings were held at that place and since then all of the money has been raised and the other necessary work done toward erecting their meeting house. They have a very nice church and one that is probably large enough to meet the requirements of the village for some time to come.

Congregational Services.

The subject for discourse at the Congregational church on Sunday morning by Rev. Shaw will be "The Spirit of Religious Inquiry." In the evening there will occur the second of the series of regular musical services to be held in the church the ensuing winter, of which the following is the program:

Piano Voluntary.....Selected Chorus, We Praise Thee, O God.....fr. Rossini Hymn 63.

Responsive Reading, 62nd Selection.

Contralto Solo.....Miss Reeves Prayer.....Pastor Chorus, Gloria in Excelsis.....Schnecker Announcements.

Collection.

Piano Interlude.....Miss Phillips Chorus, Appear, Thou Light Divine.....Morrison Address.....Rev. B. J. H. Shaw Hymn 61.

Benediction.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25 cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded. J. E. Daly and Johnson & Hill Co.

To cure a Cold in one Day.

The Laxative BromoQuinine tablets, All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

—Go to Johnson & Hill for all kinds of fancy stationery. They have the most complete line in the city.

GAME CONFISCATED.

Warden Brown of Pittsville Makes a Big Haul.

Game Warden Brown of Pittsville made a big haul of contraband game here Friday night, securing upward of 300 pounds of partridges, tame geese and saddles of venison, from a Wisconsin Central refrigerator car. One consignment of 250 pounds was addressed to Lepman & Haeg, Chicago. It was shipped from Spencer and was billed as dressed poultry. One barrel had domestic geese at the top and bottom and a cheese box containing 28 partridges in the center. The whole barrel was confiscated because of the presence of the illegal shipment of partridges.

Another consignment of 90 pounds of "dressed poultry," shipped from Colby to T. J. Holing of Chicago, was likewise found to consist almost wholly of partridges.

The saddles of venison weighed 100 pounds and were of the finest quality. It is said they are selling now at 40 cents a pound in Chicago.

The game confiscated by the warden is sold at the best possible figure and the money turned over to the general office at Madison. The transportation company is given a receipt for the goods when released to the warden. After the game is sold it is tagged with a special card, which shows its contraband character and which removes it from the ban of the law.—Stevens Point Journal.

Slingerland—McGuire.

Quite a surprise was sprung on the young people of the city on Monday morning when the news was spread about town that Will Slingerland had taken unto himself a wife and that the young lady in the transaction was Miss Constance McGuire. Some were skeptical on the subject, but when Will was approached on the matter he acknowledged the claim and distributed cigars just as if he was used to being married and really enjoyed it.

The marriage occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dillon Brunley of the west side, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Leopold Kroll, pastor of the Episcopal church, at 6:30 Sunday evening. After the ceremony a supper was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gothke, only the most immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present.

The bride is from Keeseville, N. Y. on Monday, being accompanied by Mrs. Jessmer and Rudolph Schneider, the latter being a fellow workman and a member of the Woodmen of the World, of which order Mr. Jessmer was also a member. The funeral was held this morning at 9 o'clock from the Catholic church, Rev. P. Van Roosmalen officiating.

The bride is from Keeseville, N. Y.

and is a most estimable young lady and has made many friends since her arrival here last spring. Everybody knows W. A. Slingerland, the groom, he being our efficient and affable assistant postmaster on the east side. Will and his pretty bride have the best wishes of all their many friends and the Tribune units with these in extending the heartiest congratulations.

May Have Trolley Line

Wausau may have a trolley line in the near future if the plans as now laid out carry through all right. An application has been filed with the city clerk by Neal Brown, A. L. Kreutzer, A. W. Trevitt and Walter Alexander asking for a street railway franchise. They ask for the exclusive right to operate a street railway in the city for an unlimited time, and in return they agree to run cars from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. with a first class equipment.

It would seem that Wausau were large enough to support a trolley line, especially during the summer months when there is more or less doing at the driving park, at which times large crowds would take advantage of the chance to ride to their destination. The line would make Wausau look like a sure enough city, and no mistake.

J. W. Cameron Estate.

The inventory of the appraisers of the estate of the late J. W. Cameron who died suddenly recently was filed in the county court of Milwaukee county last week. The estate aggregates \$885,000, of which \$364,000 is personal property, the largest item of which is the holdings in the Cream City Sash & Door Company amounting to \$153,000. The estate owns \$3,600 of Grand Rapids Pulp and Paper company stock and \$25,000 of stock of the First National bank of this city. The appraisers schedule 100,000 shares of Sierra Madre gold and silver mining stock at a par value of \$1 a share, but no actual valuation is given. Real estate valued at \$21,000 is located in the Fifteenth ward in Milwaukee and in this city.

Look at Your Label.

The label on your copy of the Tribune will tell you how your subscription account stands on our books. Jan. 1903 means that you are paid up to next January, and January, 1902 that you are about a year behind the procession. Other dates tell their own story. If the date is not right let us know.

Prescription Department.

Chemicals, Drugs, etc., used in this department are of the best, and we guard against every possible error; you always under our supervision and you may feel satisfied that your prescriptions compounded by us are correct.

OTTO'S PHARMACY.

Notice of Removal.

—Dr. Charles Pomainville has moved his dental parlors into the Pomainville Brick block over Ott's Pharmacy on the west side.

—Go to Johnson & Hill for all kinds of fancy stationery. They have the most complete line in the city.

PRINTING AT HOME.

METHOD ADOPTED BY TRIBUNE

By Which It Is Hoped to Give the Readers Better Service—Other Items About the City.

Commencing with this issue of the Tribune the paper is printed all at home. The use of patent inks has been abandoned, and hereafter whatever appears in the paper will be done right here in the office. We hope that by making this change we will be able to give our readers a better paper than we have been in the past.

There are many times during the year when the advertising patronage has been so great that we have been unable to give our readers the service that they are entitled to and the kind that we should like to, but we feel that with the change now inaugurated we will not be bothered in the future.

The growth of the circulation of the Tribune since the present proprietors took charge of the paper is evidence that the general public appreciates the efforts of the publishers to give them a good weekly paper. Two years and a half ago when the plant was purchased from the former owner there was a total of about 575 subscribers on the mailing list. Today there are over one thousand and the number is creeping along toward the eleven hundred mark. This is not a phenomenal growth, but is a steady and healthy one, and has occurred without the publishers having to give any premium, present or other inducement to get people to subscribe.

We do not consider that it is saying much in favor of a paper when the publisher has to give away a book or other premium worth \$2.50 in order to get a man to accept his paper and the book both for \$1.50. For this reason we have made the price of the paper \$1.50 a year and have made the price the same for all, so that no man need feel that his neighbor is getting more for his money or getting his paper cheaper than he is.

The matter of changing to home print is in proposition that the proprietors have had in mind some time and although the circulation was not large enough to warrant the change when we first assumed control of the paper, we did say that when our subscription passed the one thousand mark we would give our patrons a home print paper. The one thousand mark was reached and passed sometime last March but a pressure of other business at the time compelled us to postpone the event until things let up a little and gave us a chance to draw a long breath, thinking that there would be the usual dull season during the summer when the change could be made without any inconvenience. The summer, however, proved to be fully as busy as the previous spring, while during the past two months the business in the office has been the largest in our knowledge. Notwithstanding this fact we have succeeded in making the change and have no doubt that it will be appreciated by our customers.

Hammon-Reusch.—Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock occurs the marriage of John Hamm of Rudolph to Miss Tillie Reusch of Altdorf. The ceremony will occur at the Catholic church in this city, Rev. VanRoosmalen officiating. The bride will be attended by her sister, Miss Clara Reusch, and Albert Hamm, brother of the groom will act as best man.

After the ceremony the party will go to the home of the groom's parents in Rudolph, where a wedding dinner will be served to the immediate friends of the family. Both of the young people are well known in this locality, having lived in this section the greater part of their lives, the groom being the son of Frank Hamm, of the town of Rudolph and the bride the daughter of Fred Reusch, one of the prosperous farmers of Altdorf. The young couple will make their home in this city during the coming winter, after which they expect to remove to Rudolph, where Mr. Hamm owns a farm and has a fine house in course of construction. The Tribune joins with their many friends in wishing them happiness and hoping that they may enjoy a long and prosperous wedded life.

Broke the Record.—County Clerk Renne has this year issued about fifteen hundred hunting licenses, which is away ahead of anything that has been done in this line heretofore.

There has hardly been a day since the hunting season opened that there has not been a grist of this work to do, and on a few occasions Mr. Renne has come down from his home late at night to issue a license to some belated individual who had forgotten to procure a license but did not want to start out next morning until he had got one.

Invented New System.—For some time past F. C. Adams, who has been running the dressmaking school in this city, has been at work on a new system for cutting ladies' garments. He now has the system complete and most of the work done preparatory to starting classes on his method of cutting. He has taught his system to several parties and it is expected that they will start on the work of instruction about the 1st of December. Mr. Adams has his method copyrighted.

Dances for All.—There should be no complaint on Thanksgiving about anyone not being able to find a dance to go to. There will be one at the Opera house with music furnished by the full brass band under the leadership of Emil Lambert, and at the Forester hall there will be another at which the New Monarch orchestra will play.

A Peculiar Pet.—J. G. Leonard has a tame wolf which he recently secured in Sheboygan which makes quite a unique pet. The animal is a yellowish gray with the hair heavily tipped with black, and resembles a Scotch Collie so closely both in size, color and appearance that it would never be suspected of being a wolf if it was seen running loose about the street. The animal is apparently as tame as any dog and enjoys being petted and fondled as well.

A Pleasant Evening.—A charming musical was given at the home of James McCarthy on Friday evening by the pupils of Miss Edith Lynn. They were assisted in the work by Miss Ethel Yout and the members of the High school orchestra. A very pleasant evening was spent and the work done by the pupils reflected great credit upon Miss Lynn and her ability as an instructor.

A Bright Entertainment.—The entertainment of a musical and literary nature given at the Methodist church on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Lee R. Gridley was greatly appreciated by the audience that attended to hear it. Mr. Gridley played some fine selections on the mandolin, banjo and guitar, and Mrs. Gridley certainly has no peer as an instructor of bird music.

Change in Location.—Dr. Charles Pomainville has removed his dental parlors to the west side and now occupies rooms in the Pomainville block over Ott's Pharmacy. He has had a couple of the front rooms fixed up especially for the purpose and now has a very pleasant apartment.

Dislocated a Hip.—The infant son of Joseph Dupree, aged a year and a half, dislocated a hip on Thursday while at play. A surgeon fixed the boy up and while he suffered considerable pain it is not considered that there will be any evil effects from the hurt.

Farmers Institute.—The Tribune is in receipt of the schedule of farmers institutes for the coming winter and the only institute that will be held in Wood county is the closing institute which occurs at Marsfield on the 17th and 29th of March, 1903.

Died.—Mrs. Helen Crosby Taylor, a colored woman living on the west side, died Saturday night after a short illness, cause of death being acute brights disease. The woman was 56 years old and the body was taken to St. Paul for burial.

Union Services.—On Thursday evening a union service will be held in the Congregational church for the Methodist and Congregational congregations. Rev. W. A. Peterson of the M. E. church will preach.

A Good Show.—The Pedlar's Claim, which was presented at the Opera house on Tuesday evening was pronounced by theater goers to be a good show and worth more patronage than it received.

GOOD GOODS...

If you are not well acquainted with our store, you will be glad to know that everything we handle can be bought with the full understanding that it is **GOOD QUALITY**. It must be good in the first place or we will not bring it into the store. This applies to all kinds of Drug Store Goods. We do not have anything to do with goods that are not able to prove their worth in actual use.

OTTO'S

FETTERED BY FATE

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

"Jelette's Fate," "Little Sweetheart," "Lotta, the Sevina Girl," "Goldmaker of Alabam," "Wedded to Win," "Diana Thorpe," "Nora's Legacy," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Captain Grant—as we may still call the man of many names, in order to distinguish him from his cousin, Roger Darrel—had proved his boldness by remaining in the vicinity when everything seemed to indicate that hasty flight would be the most beneficial to his interests.

He seemed completely enveloped by foes, and no matter which way he turned it did seem as though he was bound to meet some enemy, but he only shut his teeth the harder and determined to beat them all yet.

There were several important things that menaced him about which he knew nothing. The first of these was the escape of Nora Warner for the second time from the mad house, and the fact that she and brave Jack, who loved her so well that he was ready to die in her service, were even then closing in upon the man upon whom both had sworn a mighty oath to be avenged.

Then, again, there was another little fact of which the Captain was ignorant—the restoration of the Russian detective to life. He had not the least idea in the wide world but that the fellow had been dead in the chimney for days, and, not knowing that the old mill was occupied, and haunted by a fear lest his secret should become known, should any one by accident discover the body of the man-tracker, who might be readily recognized as the person with whom he had left Richmond Terrace on the night when his marriage had been so abruptly broken off by the flight of Carol, assisted by valiant Roger, he was even now on his way to the old mill with the full intention of forever hiding the body of the slain detective—for he was absolutely positive the man was dead—from the view of mankind.

He had started out with a trowel and some lime, intending to make some mortar and brick up the hole in the chimney through which he had dropped the body, but when he came to think it all over, there were several objections to this plan.

In the first place, any parties visiting the mill through idle curiosity—as they were liable to do any day, and this it was that had urged him on to the step he was about to take—could not but notice the difference in the mortar; the patch would be plainly seen, and their curiosity so excited that nothing would do but an examination, when the truth would be speedily disclosed.

This had so disgusted him that he had hurled the trowel and little sack of lime into the bushes, and was about to turn back when he suddenly became seized with a brilliant idea.

So stupendous was this new thought, coming after his late defeat, that he became excited, and, losing no time, at once recommenced his walk toward the mill.

It was far into the night, and the bright stars looked down from above as though rebuking the dark thoughts that had been engendered in his brain.

His new scheme, which had appeared to him as one well calculated to bring success with it, was to tear down the chimney, remove the body to some other part of the mill where it would get the full benefit of his further actions, and then gathering combustibles about the dead man, set fire to the old mill. The great structure would burn like tinder, and his secret would be well kept.

Filled with this idea, he hurried along the path he had taken on that other night, when with such herculean strength he had borne the body of the detective from the spot where he had struck him down, to the denser forest where he had afterward brought his horse to bear the body to the mill.

If he could dispose of the detective's body one great object would be accomplished. He felt that when he struck the man-tracker down to death he had accomplished much, for in spite of his nonchalance in his presence he had feared this man like poison. When this work was accomplished he could turn upon his other foes one by one and demolish them.

Filled with these thoughts he hurried on through the gloomy forest. The mill was quite a distance away, and yet he took no note of the passage of time, and was so engrossed in his various schemes that almost before he was aware of the fact the old building loomed up before him.

To the surprise of the Captain he saw lights in two different parts of the mill, one on the lower floor remote from the place where the body had been concealed, the other higher up in a sort of loft, formerly used by the miller for some purpose.

The first he could comprehend, for he remembered hearing that an old woman had been known to inhabit the wing of the mill for some years past, but what the other meant he had not the remotest idea.

Then a sudden fear assailed his heart—what if the evidence of his crime had already been discovered?

Whatever lay in his past, this man was not a coward, so far as brute courage was concerned, but this was the first time his soul had been stained with actual murder, and he quivered with horror at the thought of the doom awaiting him should his crime be detected and brought home to him.

Soon the reaction came, and with it a determination to climb up and see who it was occupied the strong room of the dead miller.

This was easily done, for a tree grew close beside the building, and all that was necessary for him to do was to draw himself up among the branches of this until he came on a line with the little window from whence the light proceeded. No sooner did this idea enter his head than he hastened to put it into execution.

To climb the tree was an easy task, and in a very few minutes his head was on a level with the window. When his eyes fell upon the occupant of the little chamber his form seemed to turn into ice, such was the cold wave that shot through his frame, and from his lips, trembling with a sudden fear, there fell the words:

"It is his spirit!"

He was gazing upon his last victim—the Russian detective, whose heart his murderous knife had sought.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Perhaps the man in the tree may have

the foreign agent, who was passing by.

"I mean that we are locked in here and the old mill is on fire. Under the door even now you can see an increasing light. Listen, and you will hear the voices of the fire-fighters. We are doomed."

"This is your work, demon!" ejaculated the detective, jumping up and vainly rattling the door.

"I acknowledge it, but I have been caught in my own trap," answered the miserable Captain.

To their ears now came a low, muttering sound, like increasing thunder. It was the savage flames eating their way upward, roaring, dancing and shooting wildly, this way and that, as they rapidly enveloped the whole of the doomed building.

(To be continued.)

INGENIOUS BROOKLYN THIEVES.

Enter Buildings in Hollow Lounges and Rile at Leisure.

Thieves in Brooklyn nowadays are not only industrious, but ingenious. A truck was driven recently to the home of a woman living in Ocean Hill early in the afternoon. A suave young man in charge of it said, addressing the woman by name, that her husband had ordered a lounge to be sent to her, and he wished to deliver it. The woman declared that her husband had told her nothing about it, and that it must be a mistake. The young man insisted, however, that it was no mistake; that the lounge had been paid for, and he wished to obey instructions by delivering it. The woman, in the circumstances, thought it might be all right, especially as there was nothing to pay, when they could not tell whether it was Roger Darrel or some one else, the two men being of the same build and the atmosphere deceptive.

For ten minutes those tiger eyes were glued upon the detective. Then the soldier began to descend the tree with the agility and the noiselessness of a cat. Once upon the ground he stood and shook his fist upward, muttering low words which contained terrible threats. Turning, he vanished from view among the trees beyond the mill, and in about the same place as where the two women had seen him disappear on that other evening, when they could not tell whether it was Roger Darrel or some one else, the two men being of the same build and the atmosphere deceptive.

A couple of hours later Captain Grant once more appeared upon the scene. In his hand he carried a large can of coal oil, stolen from some neighboring farm house. His object was apparent—he intended to destroy the mill by fire after all, and if the thing were possible get rid of the detective at the same time.

For some time he glided about in the lower part of the mill. Not a light was to be seen, for Carol had retired to her room in the dwelling and her mother had closed the blinds in the lower story so that she might be undisturbed in her occupation of reading old letters from her husband.

The Captain used a dark lantern, and in short time had everything arranged. A slow match was ignited that would take a certain length of time to burn, and during this time he meant to secure the detective in his room. Escape by means of the window was out of the question, for it was only a small bull's-eye opening, and even a much more slender man than the Russian detective would have had trouble in passing through it.

Up the stairs crept the would-be murderer with the stealth of a burglar. His ears were on the alert for any sound, but nothing was to be heard save the heavy breathing of the sleeper in the little room.

All this while the slow match he had ignited down below was slowly creeping toward the oil saturated rags and chips, which once blazing nothing could extinguish. Captain Grant little knew what danger he was incurring, and the terrible trap he was about to enter.

EVERYBODY HAD TO SNEEZE.

Queer Scene When Pepper Flew in Windows of Elevated Train.

"A-chew!" "A-chew!"

It was in the last car of a Sixth avenue elevated train speeding between Grand and Bleecker streets the other afternoon. The car was crowded, and a portly, prosperous-looking gentleman sounded the first note of alarm. Every other man in the car laughed—for a minute—and slyly sized up the portly person. The visitors could solve the mystery of their disappearance of they chose to do so. After consulting with friends, it appears that a solution of the problem lay in the fact that the lounge was one of a well-known variety, which, when opened, have a hollow interior, large enough to hold a small man and afford space in which to stow away snugly jewelry and fine clothing. It is said this game has been successfully but quietly played in several streets of Brooklyn recently.—New York Tribune.

POULTRY POINTS.

Stray Bits of Experience in Feeding From Various Experimenters.

A test of wheat versus corn gave results in favor of wheat for egg production. In the case of Leghorn pullets the addition of dried blood to the ration considerably increased the egg yield. With Plymouth Rock pullets no effect was noticed on the yearly egg record. With both breeds the lots receiving dried blood began laying earlier than those to which it was not fed.

An unlimited supply of sweet skim-milk can apparently be given to chickens with advantage, but sour milk must be fed with caution.

It is very important that the dishes from which milk is fed should be cleaned often and scalded occasionally.

Close confinement and lack of variety of food, especially such as is rich in nitrogen, are conditions likely to bring on feather eating.

No advantage was derived in using hot water for moistening food for chicks.

In a comparative trial of animal meal and fresh bone the better results were obtained by the use of bone. In two following tests the result was exactly reversed.

Wild onions imparted odor to the eggs.

Skimmilk is especially valuable for young chicks in hot, dry weather.

By the comparison of a nitrogenous and a carbonaceous ration for laying hens it was found that the fowls were heavier and the eggs more fertile by the use of the nitrogenous and, although this cost more, it resulted the more profitably.

Dried blood used with grain and green food gave better results than either ox liver or green cut bone.

Finely ground grain gave better results than coarse cracked grain for young chicks.

A highly nitrogenous ration during the summer or molting season is recommended.

GRAPES IN WESTERN OREGON.

Those varieties of grapes which the experience of the past ten or twelve years in particular has shown to be especially suited to the conditions of western Oregon, as Concord, Warden, Moore (Moore's Early), Diamond (Moore's Diamond), Niagara and Isabella, are all varieties developed from Vitis labrusca, while Delaware, which also does well in many localities, is a variety of Vitis aestivalis. Of the latter there are many varieties, of which Isabella is the one most popular.

At all once they went over with a crash, locked in a deadly embrace, and upon the floor there ensued a terrible struggle. Each man put forth his best efforts, and, had the detective been fully as strong as he was, he would have had but little difficulty in mastering the other, for he was a man of wonderful physique, but the recent cowardly blow received from this self-same man had weakened his frame considerably, so that he had all he could do to equal the fierce endeavors made by Captain Grant to overcome him.

They managed in some unaccountable manner to gain their feet, and, like a couple of giants, swayed to and fro, as if they were two reeds bending in the breeze.

All at once they went to the floor with a great crash, and such was the force of their fall that they were separated, each being hurled in an opposite direction.

Remembering that it was a spring lock, the man uttered a cry full of horror, and, springing forward, attempted to open it, but the door remained fast. The spring lock had caught, and he himself had removed the key to the outside, thus sealing his own doom, as it appeared.

Hearing an exclamation of triumph from his enemy and recent adversary, he turned. The candle still burned feebly close at his hand, and he could see the detective half crouching on the floor, while a pistol was in his hand.

Captain Grant was equal to the occasion, however, for with one blow of his hand he hurled the candle to the further end of the little compartment, crushing darkness to ensue of such denseness that neither could see the other.

"Hold on!" cried the Captain, hoarsely, "of what use are hostilities now? We are bound to die together here like rats in a hole."

"The Usual Thing.

I shot an arrow into the air;

It fell to earth—I knew not where;

Until a neighbor set up a bowl

Because I'd killed a favorite fowl.

FARM GARDEN

TOBACCO TOOLS.

A Good Homemade Cutter and a Stripping Table For Quick Work.

Fig. 1 shows a good tobacco cutter. Take an old hoe, twist the socket half around, put in a fourteen or eighteen inch handle, and you will have one you can be proud of.

Before the stripping season is upon us we should examine our stripping

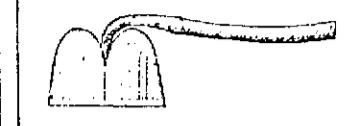


FIG. 1—TOBACCO CUTTER.

room and see if our tables are all right, so that we will be able to push the work. I have shown a good, handy and serviceable one in Fig. 2.

The frame is made from 1 by 4 inch boards nailed together. It should be three feet wide and as long as the room will permit. The top is made of wire netting, same as is used for poultry—1½ inch mesh. At the back are two hinges to fasten to the wall. When the season is over, you can remove the legs, which are put on with hinges.

Tobacco cut in August or September should be fit to be "taken down" in

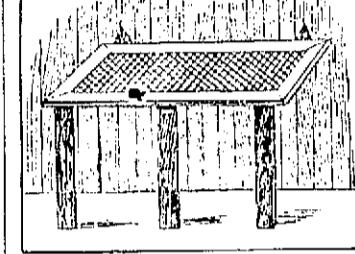


FIG. 2—STRIPPING TABLE.

December if the weather has been favorable for the curing of the crop. It is ready to strip as soon as the leaf is cured and stem is free from sap.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

POULTRY POINTS.

Stray Bits of Experience in Feeding From Various Experimenters.

A test of wheat versus corn gave results in favor of wheat for egg production. In the case of Leghorn pullets the addition of dried blood to the ration considerably increased the egg yield. With Plymouth Rock pullets no effect was noticed on the yearly egg record. With both breeds the lots receiving dried blood began laying earlier than those to which it was not fed.

An unlimited supply of sweet skim-milk can apparently be given to chickens with advantage, but sour milk must be fed with caution.

It is very important that the dishes from which milk is fed should be cleaned often and scalded occasionally.

Close confinement and lack of variety of food, especially such as is rich in nitrogen, are conditions likely to bring on feather eating.

No advantage was derived in using hot water for moistening food for chicks.

In a comparative trial of animal meal and fresh bone the better results were obtained by the use of bone. In two following tests the result was exactly reversed.

Wild onions imparted odor to the eggs.

Skimmilk is especially valuable for young chicks in hot, dry weather.

By the comparison of a nitrogenous and a carbonaceous ration for laying hens it was found that the fowls were heavier and the eggs more fertile by the use of the nitrogenous and, although this cost more, it resulted the more profitably.

The more there is of it in the reproduction the better it will be in the future, because the crop will become merchantable in a much shorter time and consequently the returns will be greater.—F. E. Olmstead.

Budding Cherries.

Nurserymen bud cherries toward the close of summer, before the sap ceases to flow, yet not too early in the season. In this state it is sometimes the middle of August, but all depends on the season. If budded while the shoots are growing strongly, it is not as likely to be successful as if done later. At the same time, if too late, the bark cannot be lifted for the insertion of the bud.—Joseph Mehan in Philadelphia Practical Farmer.

How to Cure Halter Pulling.

Almost every one who has had one or more animals who would pull at the halter. Sometimes they are so bad that no ordinary halter will hold them. If you can find a halter strong enough, it is a pretty good remedy to hitch a young horse who has this fault to a strong post and let him hang himself up till he gets tired of it.

One horseman recommends for a halter pulling horse that a long halter

SQUASH BUG IN SUMMER.

Hand Picking Becomes Difficult, and Spraying Is a Resort.

In some regions, and among them New Hampshire, the squash bug has become one of the most notable insect pests of the past season or two. Messrs. Weed and Conradi of that state have been considering its many dark and devious ways and would treat it as follows during the summer: As the season advances the combating of the pest becomes a more difficult problem. The full grown bugs have laid eggs early in the season. These hatch and the young nymphs are less conspicuous than the adult. At this time bugs of all sizes are present in greater or less numbers.

When the method of hand picking is employed, many of these nymphs concealed below clouds, old leaves or other places or even when exposed upon the surface are likely to be overlooked.</p

FOUR LETTERS AND A POSTSCRIPT

(Copyright, 1911, by A. S. Richardson.)
Miss Patricia Douglas to her dearest friend, Miss Nellie Taylor:

Longhurst-on-the-Sea, July 13.
Dear Nellie—The think that just one year ago you and I were having such times here together and now you are actually working in noisy, dusty New York! Perhaps you are somewhat consoled by the fact that every one thinks you tremendously clever and good to help your father in his hour of trouble, but I should think, my dear, that business and all that sort of thing would be such a bore to a woman.

Of course you want to know about everything and everybody. Well, it's the same old place and very nearly the same old crowd, particularly the men, who are distressingly few and far between. You remember that stupid little Jimmy Barton we enjoyed snubbing last season? He's quite the go this year. Even the shape of his nose has changed a bit, and he has a perfect love of an automobile. I've had several spins with him already. I'm so glad I bought that red coat. It makes a stunning contrast to his dark green auto.

It was lucky I brought my golf clubs and suit, for the links are in splendid form, and Jack Ferris, the crack golfer, is here. He says my shots are very clever for a woman. I am not sure about the shots, but I know that little frilled sun-bummet is so becoming. And Jack Ferris has eyes for something, above golf balls.

I found that out last night when we sat out two waltzes in the turret corner of the porch. Remember the turret corner, Nell? I thought you would. You've been there often enough, dear knows. I wore my green craps. It might have been the soft green against my white shoulders, or the moonlight on the water, or the Mexican waltzes the orchestra played, but Jack certainly did lose his head. I was so shocked, for of course he knows of my engagement to Ned. But, then, men who are perfectly sane in town during the winter season will do such things under a summer moon, especially if the moon goes behind a cloud.

By the way, in his letter today Ned says that he cannot take his vacation this month. I know the dear fellow is so disappointed. He had planned on being here with me, don't you know. Well, be as kind to him, Nell, as you can be and console him in my absence. You'll find him the best of company on all occasions. DEARLY,

PATTY.

Miss Nellie Taylor to her dearest friend, Miss Patricia Douglas:

Platt Building, Wall Street,

New York, July 15.

My Dear Patty—Your newsy letter did make me think longingly of old times for a minute or two; but, after all, New York's not half bad in summer. For me it is like looking at a new side of life. The offices during the day are breezy and cool, and at night mother has all sorts of ridiculous surprises concocted for me. She has turned the roof into a miniature summer garden after the household column of any old ladies' journal. There are easy chairs, tables, shadowy cozy corners, palms and rubber-branches—no; I mean palms. I am becoming shockingly slanty since I came down on the street. We spend most of our evenings on the roof. Ned has been up several times, and we like him. He brings his guitar—you never told me he played—and what with his music and my singing the popular songs of the real roof gardens and mother mixing delicious punch we imagine we are quite giddy.

Last evening Ned took mother and me to one of the continuous houses. Such a lark! And tonight we are going to Manhattan Beach. It is great fun, after all, to feel that you are a part of the great masses, as the politicians put it, and cannot leave town the whole summer long.

Of course I will do my best to console Ned while you are away. But you must remember this is not Longhurst-on-the-Sea. I have only evenings, Saturday afternoons and Sundays at my own disposal. Write me all the news. I do enjoy it, and so does mother. Yours lovingly, NELL.

Miss Patricia Douglas to her fiance, Mr. Ned Goodfellow:

Longhurst-on-the-Sea, July 24.
Dear Mr. Goodfellow—I am sending you today your letters, ring and photographs. I am convinced that our engagement has been a mistake. I have always held that people to be happily married must have congenial tastes—in fact, must be perfect affinities. Clearly you and I do not come in the above class. You will believe that I am breaking our engagement for your happiness as well as my own. There are so many charming girls, and men are so easily consoled. Yours sincerely,

PATRICIA DOUGLAS.

Sent by messenger from Mr. Ned Goodfellow to Miss Nellie Taylor:

Dear Nellie—My Nell! How jolly good that sounds! I'm sending you a few roses. Put them on your desk, where they will remind you of me every minute in the day. I shall be up early this evening to bring—can you guess what? It's a solitaire, dearest, the best I dared to buy, but not half good enough for the bravest, sweetest girl in the world. Over and over I catch myself wondering how I could ever think any other girl worth noticing. Bless this happy summer in town! It has brought me the greatest treasure in the world, my afflity. Imagining finding one's afflity in Wall street! How ridiculous—and how delightful! Yours always,

NED.

Special correspondence to the Comet from Longhurst-on-the-Sea:

Aug. 4.
The golf links are responsible for the romance of the season at this popular resort. Today every one is talking of the engagement of Jack Ferris, the crack golfer, to Patty Douglas, who for two seasons has been a belle at Longhurst. Jack Ferris holds not only some enviable golf scores and trophies, but he also has the inside track for the Roxsomes millions on his mother's side. Miss Douglas, though an enthusiastic golfer, has made no particularly good scores until she executed this brilliant little stroke in the game commonly called hearts.

JANE MEDEDITH.

Waterproof Glue.
To make waterproof glue, soak it in water until softened thoroughly, but preserve the shape. Heat slowly in linseed oil until dissolved, then mix thoroughly. To make fireproof glue, pour water over good glue and let it remain over night, then slowly melt and add white lead to make the right consistency. This will withstand fire, but not boiling water. To fasten labels to tin, take good yellow glue, break it into small pieces, cover with water and leave three or four hours. Pour off the water, place the glue in a wide mouthed bottle or pint can and cover with acetic acid. Set in warm water until dissolved and incorporate the two by stirring.

THE AFFAIR OF BUNKER, THE BOOKKEEPER

The boys in the broker's office always had made a butt of Bunker. Bunker was the bookkeeper, taciturn and rather solemn looking at all times. The boys called him "the old man." Bunker was forty, and "the boys" were twenty-one or thereabouts. All sorts of jokes were played on old Bunker, but he never showed the slightest sign of resentment. If any of the shafts of weak witticisms which were hurled at him day in and day out pricked, there was no wincing. The cubs finally came to the conclusion that Bunker was dense physically and mentally. How this may have been nobody perhaps but Bunker himself knew definitely, but he was a good bookkeeper, and that was as far as the real old man of the office cared to inquire.

The office was on the twelfth floor, and its windows looked out over the roof of a low building and stared into the twelfth story windows of a big building just beyond. Teddy Long, the office masher, had a desk at one window. Teddy frequently was more occupied with the office behind the windows in the twelfth story of the building beyond than he was with the business in his own office. It was a law firm that held the premises opposite, and the lawyers were known to the boys in the broker's office for the frequency with which they changed their typewriting staff. About once a month a new face, and always a pretty one, would appear in front of the machine back of the legal windows. One morning Teddy Long cast his eyes across the way, and there he saw a new face behind the big window pane. As he told the other boys a few minutes after, this new face had all the others that had gone before "beat to death."

"She's a daisy, fellows," said Teddy. "When you get a chance, go to the window and shy a look over there. She's got black hair, snapping eyes, red cheeks and a daisy figure."

All at once the charmer looked up and smiled, showing a set of even white teeth in a framework of scarlet. Teddy smiled back and nodded almost imperceptibly. There was a very decided bow in return, and Teddy went soaring. Instantly, however, the young woman turned again to her machine, and her white fingers went flying nimbly over the keys. Though she might be a bit given to flirting, the young woman apparently did not mean that the little weakness should divert her mind too long from her work.

Teddy half wheeled his chair around, the pleasurable little excitement still glowing within him. There at the next window stood old Bunker, the bookkeeper, with a face as red as a peony and standing first on one foot and then on the other.

"Great Scott!" said Teddy to himself. "The old man had his eyes on the charmer and thought she meant that smile for him! He looks as though he were going to faint. That smile for him! Why, the poor old geezer, he's addle pated! I'll put the boys next."

So Teddy told the boys of how the girl had smiled on him and how the old man thought the smile was intended for him and had blushed like a girl and fiddled with his fingers. "We'll have some fun with the old guy, fellows. I'm going to get an introduction to the girl over the way, and I'll tell her all about Bunker and how if a woman speaks to him he has a fit, and she can just lead him on a bit, and we'll have all sorts of fun here with the doings."

The next day there was another sweet smile from the typewriter, and Teddy responded in kind. Curiously enough, old Bunker was at the other window again, and when that smile came across the awryway he blushed like fire and cast a furtive glance at Teddy. Teddy saw it. "We've got him going," he said to himself. "The old fellow's hit sure. I hope he doesn't die of apoplexy before he snakes out the pay roll. He looks as though he were going to choke."

So it went on for weeks. Teddy met the charmer occasionally and sent her into ecstasies of laughter over the accounts of the fun they were having with old Bunker.

"Why, when you smile," he said to her, "the old man goes up into the nineteenth heaven. I'm glad you smiled over at me that morning, for office work now is as good as a show."

One morning Bunker showed up with a red carnation in his buttonhole. When Teddy looked through the window, he saw that there was a bunch of the same kind of flowers pinned to the waist of the neighbor over the way. After Bunker had received his morning smile Teddy spread the news of the flowers. "The old man's got 'em bad," he said.

Bunker went on his vacation, and the smiling face was also missing from the window in the lawyer's office. The Wednesday morning following Bunker's departure every man in the office found a square envelope on his desk which when opened contained an announcement reading like this:

Forgot Himself.
Mrs. Henpeck—We hev bin married twenty years today, Hiram.
Hiram (with a sigh)—Yes, for twenty years we've fought—

Mrs. Henpeck (scowling)—What? You old wretch!

Hiram (quickly)—Life's battles together, Mirandy—Judge.

Too Valuable to Lose.

Mr. Grogan—Sure, Moike, an' what did ye do wit' yore dorg?

Mike—Oh, he wuz wort' \$10 an' Ol' kep' I'lnkhn' if some wan sh'd stale 'im. Ol' could ill afford th' loss, so Ol' gave um away, b'gorra!—Chicago News.

Awfully Benighted.

Dasherly—Is he so very ignorant?

Flasherly—Ignorant? Why, actually he doesn't even know a cure for colds!

Kansas City Independent.

Mr. Bunker and I have known each other for five years. We were engaged for five months before I went to work in the lawyer's office. I can't conceive how anybody could be such a fool as to try to grab off a smile that wasn't intended for him.

Mr. Hause Bunker.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

HER FRENCH A FAILURE.

The Tragedy of a Blacking Bottle
in the Latin Quarter.

She was spending her first month in the Latin quarter of Paris. She spoke English fluently, with a Boston accent; also she spoke German, could make a fair stepper at Italian and knew a few words of Hindostanee, but of French not a syllable.

One morning she found herself in a wrestling match with a bottle of French shoe blacking. The pesky bottle, understanding that it had to deal with an alien, refused to give up its cork. She had no corkscrew of her own and did not know how to ask for one, even if she dared suspect that her next door neighbor might be possessed of the luxury. The tip of her pet fork she had bent on the obstinate plug, the point of her best penknife she had broken off short, and nothing remained except to throw the bottle out of a window to get at its contents. She decided as a last resort to try breaking the neck off the bottle. With a "stove lid lifter" she administered several cautious taps in the region of the jugular or the obstinate neck. "Nothin' doin'." Then she tapped harder still, and the blacking came. All over her light woolen skirt and over much of the floor and sill.

She decided to have the skirt cleaned and, packing it into a bundle, tripped off to an establishment where she found embarrassment because she could not understand questions. Finally she got the drift of the conversation. The cleaners wanted to know what had caused the spot. Fortunately a bottle of shoe blacking was standing near by, and she pointed at this and "ould" and "ould" until she left in heightened spirits, feeling that she was not helpless and that she had made the cleaners understand. When the skirt was duly returned the following week, it was dyed black.—New York Tribune.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

Breton sheep are not much larger than a fair sized hare.

The mandarin duck is one of the most beautiful of aquatic birds.

The queen is always at the mercy of the bees and is a slave instead of a ruler.

A beetle one-third the size of a horse would be able to pull against more than a dozen horses.

The greyhound, which can cover a mile in a minute and twenty-eight seconds, is the fastest of quadrupeds.

The giraffe, armadillo and porcupine have no vocal cords and are therefore mute. Whales and serpents are also voiceless.

The glowworm lays eggs which are themselves luminous. However, the young hatched from them are not possessed of those peculiar properties until after the first transformation.

To escape from dangers which menace them starfishes commit suicide. This instinct of self destruction is found only in the highest and lowest scales of animal life.

Hebridean Proverbs.

The daily talk of the Hebrideans has a shrewd picturesqueness. "Let the loan go laughing home," they say. That is, "Be careful of whatever you borrow."

If a person were to be met coldly on going to a friend's house, he would say:

"The shore is the same, but the shellfish is not the same."

The impossible is denoted by "blackberries in midwinter and sea gulls in autumn."

"Better thin kneading than to be empty." That is, "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

"The man who is idle will put the cat on the fire."

"He that does not look before him will look behind him."

"A house without a dog, without a cat, without a little child, is a house without pleasure and without laughter."

Homes in Italy.

Speaking of homes and ways of living, Mr. Luigi Villari in "Italian Life in Town and Country" reveals a curious state of affairs. In Italian cities there are no slum districts. The poorest of the poor may be lodged in the same palace with people whose income runs over \$25,000 annually. The poor are packed away in the garrets or in the cellars, to be sure, and their misery must be rendered all the more acute by the sight and scent of such lavish living. High class Italians have no objections whatever to dwelling over a shop or place of business.

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—Chicago Record-Herald.

Heineman Merc. Co's Store

The Popular Trading Emporium

Is making very extensive preparations for the Holiday season by increasing their stock in every department. Their trade has grown to such an extent that they feel confident that they are warranted in putting in a fine line of goods, suitable for Holiday Gifts, in addition to their regular stock which of course always contains a good supply of everything nice, new and seasonable. You of course know what that means, as the store has already gained the reputation as being "Fashions First Landing Place", and in order to keep this reputation it keeps our buyer on the alert for everything new that comes into the market and by getting these new and nobby up-to-date goods and buying often and in small quantities is the secret of our success.

We buy no job lots or bankrupt stocks therefore we own and show the cleanest stock of merchandise in this section. The following goods can be found in our dress goods department:

Ladies' Neckwear

A beautiful line just from the eastern markets, always the newest, found here.

Shirt Waists

Velvet, chenille and silk. The "Perfection" line is found only at our store and a nice line can not be found in the city. They are rightly named as they fit perfect and range in price from \$5.50 down to 50¢ each.

Inspect the Line.

Linen Dept.

This department was never more complete. All grades of table damask in white and colors. Napkins from \$1.50 per dozen down to 75 cents. Fancy towels and scarfs hemstitched, fringed and drawn work, a fine selection from which to choose. We show a beautiful bleached towel 36x22 inches knotted fringe for 25 cents.

A Hummer

See Our Lace Curtains

See our gloves, kid and golf, a fine assortment

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Grand Rapids Tribune

BY DRUMS & SUTOR.

Grand Rapids, Wis., Nov. 26, 1902.

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year..... \$1.50

Six Months..... 75

Thanksgiving Day.

To-morrow is one of the most widely observed holidays of this great American nation, that of Thanksgiving Day. Different sects and different nationalities have various methods of observing the day, but it is all to the same end and there are very few at this age of progress who have enjoyed the benefits of a free country for any length of time who do not make some effort to observe the day. With some it is a season of prayer and carries with it a very sacred feeling, while with others it takes more the features of a jollification and a good time with something unusual in the line of eating. Those who have a pious bent naturally look upon those of the other nature with aversion and claim they are doing anything but giving thanks for benefits received at the hands of an all-wise Providence, while those of a convivial nature feel that the long-faced individual has a very poor way of showing that he is glad he is alive. But there are two sides to every story and who is going to be the judge of mankind and tell which is the nearer right. Everybody should be able to find something to be thankful for, and should be able to impress on the minds of little ones that there are many things in this world that one may be happy over, even though they are but little things that go to make up everyday life of the average mortal. During the past year we have passed through a siege of small pox, and epidemic of scarlet fever and had a mad dog scare, and still there are a few of us left to tell the story and we should appreciate the fact and make the most of it. If you have nothing to be thankful for yourself try to do something to make your neighbor happy and then maybe you will begin to more fully appreciate the blessings of this sphere on which we spend so short a time.

CARRIE NATION was in Milwaukee last week and she had a varied experience while there. She made a speech in a bar room was doused with cold seltzer water when she went to enter a saloon, and the Sentinel stated that she had taken a drink of whiskey. Mrs. Nation denies this latter charge, however, and brands the Sentinel as an unmitigated liar for making such a statement. She says she never drank anything in a barroom, not even water, and says there is no foundation for the statement that she drank a concoction containing whiskey. She got the seltzer water in the face when she attempted to enter a saloon, the proprietor meeting her at the door and souzing her and her escort with the stuff. It was ice cold and Carrie backed out and continued her way. Taken altogether Mrs. Nation does not think much of Milwaukee, and it is apparent that the natives of Milwaukee do not think any too much of her. Her visit there was cut short by the receipt of the intelligence of the death of her brother and she left for Kansas City.

Married.

Mr. Charles Peter and Miss Martha Mundt, both of the city of Grand Rapids, were joined in matrimony on the 20th day of November 1902, at 1:30 P. M. by Judge W. H. Getts, who tied the matrimonial knot. After which the newly married couple took a Green Bay train for a visit to Stevens Point. Mr. Peter is one of our home boys, and gave the judge notice that when they returned all he had to do was to light a fire in the stove and was ready to go to house keeping as he had his house all furnished for the occasion. Mr. Peter is employed in the Grand Rapids table factory of this city. He is an industrious young man. May they ever live a life of happiness together is the wish of their friends.

In the city of Grand Rapids on the 21st day of November 1902, Mr. Nick Dorenk and Miss Anna Veniel, both of the town of Rudolph, Justice W. H. Getts, performing the ceremony at his office. Mr. Dorenk is a farmer of Rudolph where they will make their future home.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the county clerk during the past week:

Edward Fry and Minnie Arnet both of Marshfield.

Wm. Stamin and Louise Plummer both of Grand Rapids.

A. C. Otto's Opening.

A. C. Otto held a formal opening of his drug store on Wednesday and Thursday of last week and it was a brilliant success from start to finish. The store was nicely decorated so that with the handsome furnishing it presented a most striking appearance. There was a large attendance of people both days and all who came were presented with a souvenir bookmark of aluminum. Music was furnished by Misses Nellie Steib and Nellie Schnabel, which was no small feature of the entertainment. Over nine hundred people registered, besides which there were a large number who did not do so, and it is probable that there were something like twelve hundred people visited the store in the two days.

Mr. Otto will hold a children's day on Friday, November 28th, when all the little ones are invited to come to the store and see what Mr. Otto can do for them in the way of making them happy for a few minutes. All the little folks are invited and don't forget the date, the day after Thanksgiving.

Low price guaranteed. Last Step 3 U.S. Postage, 10c. Nov. 20, Dec. 4, and the C. M. A. S. F. F. Co. will ship to Chicago and return at 50c, return mail Dec. 4.

Show It to Your Friends.

This week there are being issued a few extra copies of the Tribune which will be sent to parties in and out of the city who are not subscribers to the paper but who should become such as soon as possible. During the past two and one-half years we have almost doubled our circulation in spite of the fact that numerous exchanges and others who had been getting the paper for nothing have been cut off, and we consider that we feel justified in expecting the increase to continue. If you do not get the paper and feel that you would like a local sheet that gives a good weekly news service, send in your name and have it entered on the list of the Tribune subscribers. If you come in now and pay \$1.50 in advance we will credit you up to the 1st of January, 1904. This of course applies to new subscribers. Two weeks hence we will start a new serial story and it would be a good time for you to start in. If you get a copy of the paper and do not care to subscribe, hand the copy to a neighbor, he may be looking for something of the kind. Remember the dollar and a half pays you up to the 1st of January, 1904.

FIRE destroyed the immense ore docks at Ashland on Saturday and in the conflagration a dozen or more workmen and others lost their lives. The docks belonged to the Wisconsin Central railroad and are said to be the largest in the world. The loss is something over half a million dollars. The fire started near the center of the dock and cut off a number of men from shore who were on the other side of the flames, and some of them lost their lives by jumping into the waters of the bay. It is said that the docks will be rebuilt.

STEVENS POINT is to have a new wall paper mill in the near future, the arrangements having been about completed for its erection. The plant will occupy the site formerly occupied by one of the Wisconsin Central shops. A solid brick building 300 feet in length will be the first structure to be erected by the company.

Notice to Physicians.

Sealed bids for medicine, medical and surgical services including treatment for all contagious diseases, surgical appliances and all professional assistance for treating the inmates now at the poor farm and also all that may become inmates of said poor farm within one year commencing December 6th, 1902, will be received by the undersigned up to noon Dec. 6th, 1902. In case bid is accepted a bond in the sum of \$300 executed with sufficient surety and to be approved by the undersigned, also a contract in writing approved by the physician whose bid is accepted. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved. Bids to be left with the county clerk.

JOHN RAUSCH,
Chairman of Poor Farm and Poor
Accounts.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING



For anything in the line of Jewelry, Silverware, Gold and Silver Watches, Cut Glass or Fine China, you will probably find what you want at my jewelery store. Some fine pieces for Christmas, Birthday or Wedding presents. Call and examine the stock. No trouble to show goods.

W. G. SCOTT,

THE WEST SIDE JEWELER.

CENTRALIA HARD- WARE COMPANY

DEALERS IN

Heavy and Shelf HARDWARE.

Heating
and
Cook
Stoves;
the
kind
that
save
wood,
the
kind
you
want.

THE finest line of GRANITE WARE in this section can be found at this store. We keep the STRANSKY IMPORTED WARE, which is the best on earth. Every piece is a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the housewife.

Centralia Hardware
Company,
WEST SIDE, - - GRAND RAPIDS.

CANDY KITCHEN



Good Enough to Eat.

A man who never eats candy made that remark first time he tasted some of ours. He has become a regular customer and never fails to take home a package of this delicious

COFECTIONERY

two or three times each week. To see is to taste and to taste is to like.

One never gets tired of these candies. The great variety permits many changes. And the excellent quality and exquisite flavor wins approval everywhere.

CANDY KITCHEN,
Geo. Aiken's Proprietor, East Side.

—John Dengler's Capital for 5 cents is a gentleman's smoke.

FINE FINISHED PHOTOGRAPHS...

That is the only kind of work that is turned out at the Morterud Studio. Every photo that is made is as near perfect as it is possible to get it before it is delivered. I have several new styles of mounts that are especially fetching for holiday work, and if you contemplate having any photos made for this season you should come now, and there will be no question of your getting them in plenty of time.

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STUDIO, EAST SIDE

KIRSCHBAUM

HAND-MADE CLOTHING.



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A. D. KIRSCHBAUM & CO.

This is the grade
of clothing that
pleases the men
folks. Every gar-
ment is just as
perfect as if it
had been cut to
order, at one-half
the cost.



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Men's Suits

We show all the new crea-
tions and a long line of
stylish fabrics. In selecting
our clothing every detail of
finish, lining, trimming and
fit is closely noted and you
get the best money can buy
here. You buy a suit at any
price and you get true value
or your money back. Prices
range from . . .

\$4 to \$20.



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1.50 to 6.00.

Long pants suits, age 12
to 20....

3.00 to 10.00.

Boys' Suits.

We have hundreds to
pick from. Among them is
the McMillans, the great
wear resisters. Mothers,
should your boy need a new
suit come right in here, you
will have no trouble to find
just the right kind. Knee
pants suits, age 5 to 16,

4.00 to 10.00.

Coats 36 to 50 inches long, the latest in Swagger cut coats, Italian serge and worsted linings, with or without cuffs, regular or vertical pockets, the best that is produced.

10.00, 12.00, 15.00, 18.00.

Boys' Overcoats and Re却ers.

We have bargains to offer you every
week. We buy our goods in enormous quan-
tities and that is why we can do better by
our customers than any other store in town.

Hardware Department.

If you have not got in that heating stove yet it is about time that you called at our hardware department and had Pete fit you out with a heater. Fuel is going to bring a good price this coming winter and a good stove will save you many a dollar.

Johnson & Hill Company's BIG DEPARTMENT STORES.

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FRANK A. CADY,
Attorney at Law.

Offices in West Rock, East Side, Grand
Rapids, Wisconsin. A general law business
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If you want to sell your farm or house and lot,
list it for sale with me. If you want to buy a
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Real estate lots and investments negotiated.
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Law, Loans and Collections. We have \$20,000
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Office over First National Bank, East Side,
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Teeth extracted and filled without pain. Fills
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er Building on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

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Office over Daly's drug store on east side, Grand
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Specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses
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Telephone No. 62, Residence phone No. 246.
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DR. A. L. RIDGMAN,

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Telephone No. 92, Residence phone No. 23.
Office over Church's Drug Store on West Side,
Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. T. POMAINVILLE,

Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone at office, No. 35; residence No. 248.
Office in rear of Stein's Drug Store on East
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Office over Church's Drug Store, telephone 182.
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Special attention given to women and children
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DR. A. B. CRAWFORD,

Dentist.

High grade service at reasonable fees. Office
in Reland building on the East Side, Grand
Rapids, Wis.

WANT COLUMN.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be published in this
column at the rate of 5 cents per line; no ad
taken for less than 10 cents. If you want to
buy, sell or trade anything, try the want
column.

TAKEN UP.—Last August, a hornless heifer,
about 1 year old, speckled with white, has
particular marks. Person swearing to same
can have property by paying charges.
Julius Mathews, Sigel, Wis.

MONEY TO LOAN—C. E. Boles.

FOR RENT.—Eight room house on east side.
Inquire of Charles S. Whittlesey.

FOR RENT.—An eight room house. For fur-
ther information call at the Tribune office.

WANTED.—Girls wanted at the Riverside steam
laundry.

From an Auctioneer.

Col. C. H. McDonald of Greenvale,
Ills., in a letter May 1st, 1901, says,
"I am an auctioneer, and being often
exposed to the weather, am seriously
troubled by my throat becoming irritated
and hoarseness following.
When troubled in this way, I always
use Hart's Honey and Hornehound. It
is the only remedy that has ever done
me any good, and it positively cures.
Sold by Sam Church druggist."

Grand Rapids Tribune.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Dr. G. F. Witter went to Marshfield
on Saturday to visit with relatives.

Mrs. Geo. Frechette is confined to
her bed with an attack of lumbago.

J. W. Cochran spent Sunday in Mil-
waukee, having gone down on busi-
ness.

Wilbur Briere is home for a few
days, visiting his parents and other
relatives.

Mrs. J. C. Willard returned Mon-
day from a short visit with relatives
in Plymouth.

A boy baby arrived at the home of
Mr. and Mrs. John Dokka of the west
side on Monday.

Miss Mae Jefferson left today for
Stevens Point to spend Thanksgiving
with her relatives.

C. A. Booth of the Milwaukee Evening
Wisconsin was in the city on Tues-
day on business.

The Misses Lillie and Laura Lemley
arrived home today to spend Thanksgiving
with their relatives.

Mrs. George Huntington has been
quite sick for some time past but is con-
siderably better at this time.

Jack Star went to Bruce on Sat-
urday where he will work the ensuing
winter for the Arpin Lumber Co.

Mrs. Mary Dougherty of Stevens
Point will be a guest at the James
Miller home over Thanksgiving.

Edward Thompson, operator at the
Wisconsin Central depot, spent Sun-
day with his parents at Marshfield.

E. M. Wild of Minneapolis, state
deputy, addressed the Woodmen of the
World at their hall Tuesday evening.

Come out and see "California,"
the greatest drama of the age at the
Grand Opera House, Monday, Dec. 1st.

Miss Rebekah Shapiro expects to
leave this evening for LaCrosse to
spend Thanksgiving among friends.

Miss Elenore Slattery leaves today
for Lone Pine with the intention of
spending Thanksgiving with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones of Seven-
mon were in the city the past week
the guests of Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Boor-
man.

Mrs. F. MacKinnon and daughter
Midred returned home on Thursday
from a trip to several cities south of
here.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wal-
lace of Sigel was brightened on
Thursday by the arrival of a boy
baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shea left today
for Necedah where they will spend
Thanksgiving with friends and relatives.

Miss Edith Stinchfield of Waupaca
and Mrs. A. E. Gurdy of Port Edwards
are visiting friends in the city
today.

H. O. Beale of Beloit was here on
Wednesday and Thursday to visit
with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Beale.

Miss Grace Hoskinson expects to
leave this week for Chicago where
she will once more take up the study
of music.

Mrs. Clark Stevens and little daughter
Marguerite of Waupaca are the
guests of Mrs. R. Rowland and mother
Mrs. M. Stevens.

Frank Patterson left on Saturday
for Catawba where he has accepted a
position for the winter with the Arpin
Lumber company.

Miss Ethel Kelley arrived in the
city from Milwaukee on Friday and
expects to spend the winter with her
parents in this city.

Harry Gardner arrived home from
the university at Madison today to
spend Thanksgiving with his mother
and other relatives.

Wm. F. Kellogg left on Friday for
a week's business trip south, expecting
to visit at Neenah, Oshkosh, Milwau-
kee and other points.

John Juno, chairman of the county
board, and Editor E. S. Bailey of the
Marshfield Times were in the city on
Tuesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Beardley
returned home Saturday after an ex-
tended wedding trip to Chicago, Ap-
leton and Wild Rose.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Krohn of Reed-
burg spent Monday in this city the
guests of Will Krueger. Mrs. Krohn is
a sister of Wm Krueger.

Miss Irene Woodward, who had
been the guest of Miss Edith Nash for
the past two weeks, left for her home in
Appleton on Friday.

Miss Irene Styles of Babcock was
the guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr.
and Mrs. James McLaughlin on
Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Bessie Gaynor is expected to
leave this evening from Wausau to
spend Thanksgiving with her parents,
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gaynor.

Misses Laura Duggan and Carrie
Miller expect to leave today for Hur-
ley, where they will visit for a few
days with Miss Duggan's sister.

Mrs. Jessie Love expects to leave
the latter part of this week for Grand
Rapids, Minn., where she will join her
husband who is employed there.

Mrs. E. S. Renne and daughter,
Mrs. Harry Sanderson, left on Sat-
urday for Stevens Point where they
will visit relatives for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jones of Mazomanie,
parents of Mrs. A. M. Muir and Mrs.
D. A. Telfer, arrived in the city last
week to visit with their daughters.

"California."—One of the most
delightful dramas that has ever been
seen on any stage will appear at the
Grand Opera house, Monday, Dec. 1st.

Geo. B. McMillan and F. E. Kellner
received a carload of fine Michigan
apples last week which they had no
trouble in disposing of in short order.

—One big load of dry kindling wood
delivered to any part of the city for
\$1.25. BANGER BOX & LUMBER CO.
Telephone No. 314.

L. M. Nash came down from the
vicinity of Hartshorn on Wednesday
evening and spent the following day
in this city looking after business
matters. He left again the next day
for the woods with the intention of
spending a few more days hunting.

Louis Fourrier is building an addi-
tion to his house in the shape of a
kitchen which, when finished, will add
very materially to the room in the
house.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Shumway of
Stevens Point are expected to arrive
in the city today to spend Thanksgiving
with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Krouner.

Henry Demitz and Will Martin
hunted in the vicinity of Arpin on
Sunday and Monday. They were
after deer but luck seemed to be
against them.

Mrs. E. Humphrey of Omro arrived
in this city last week and expects to
spend the winter with Dr. and Mrs. O.
T. Hungen. Mrs. Humphrey is the
mother of Mrs. Hungen.

Mrs. D. D. Conway left on Tuesday
for Madison, where she will visit her
parents and other friends for a week.
Mr. Conway also expects to spend
Thanksgiving at Madison.

Miss Sheridan, who has been teach-
ing in our public schools since the
opening of the school year, has re-
signed her position and will go to
California for her health.

—Remember that without question
the first drama ever seen in this
city will be at the Opera house Mon-
day, evening Dec. 1st.

Jean Stevens, who has just settled
on the Cornell place, was happily sur-
prised by his two brothers and their
families from the west, who came to
spend Thanksgiving with him.

Charles Helk of Port Edwards, who
recently lost his arm by getting it
caught in the machinery at the mill,
is getting along as nicely as can be
expected under the circumstances.

Mrs. Roy Granfeld of Chelsea is the
guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
Herbert Kellogg. Mr. Granfeld is
also expected down to spend Thanks-
giving with the family in this city.

The Elks at Merrill have appropri-
ated \$500 for the purpose of decorating
and refurnishing their lodge rooms.
They have also enlarged their rooms
and they will be fixed up in oriental
design.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmueler drove to
Stevens Point and return on Thurs-
day. John says it was very dark on
the return trip and he had several
close escapes from running into tele-
phone poles.

Dr. A. B. Crawford is again to take
up his dental business after an illness
of several months. All of the doc-
tor's old friends will be pleased to
hear of his recovery and to know that
he is able to be about again.

—Wrinkles are smoothed away by
its healing touch. Brain tired and
depressed people will find a cure in
Rocky Mountain Tea, 35 cents at
Johnson & Hill Co.

Conductor H. L. Bartholomew re-
turned on Friday from a trip to
Drummond where he had been for a
week hunting deer. He succeeded in
securing one fine specimen as a re-
sult of his ability as a hunter.

Miss Esther Davis, who has been
visiting relatives and friends in this
city for the past two weeks, leaves
today for White Falls, Wis., where
she expects to remain until spring,
after which she will return to her
home in Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Biron, who for
years have been numbered among the
best known citizens of Grand Rapids,
are now residents of Stevens Point,
having moved here recently, and are
nicely located on Bliss avenue.—
Stevens Point Gazette.

The line of fancy box stationery
at the Johnson & Hill drug depart-
ment is worth looking at if you ever
use anything in this line.

John Jacobson of the town of Car-
son was a caller at the Tribune office
on Monday. Mr. Jacobson informed
us that a rural route had just been es-
tablished from Stevens Point to the
town of Carson and hereafter Mr.
Jacobson will have the Tribune
brought to his home instead of going
to Rudolph for his mail.

T. J. Cooper and Walter Gardner
returned on Wednesday from the
north where they had been after deer.
They only succeeded in killing one deer,
the bad weather having made
it very disagreeable to be in the woods.

Mr. Cooper has been laid up with a
heavy cold much of time since his
return, but is now able to be around.</p

EXIT THE CHAPERON

.....By JANE MEREDITH

Copyright, 1881, by A. S. Richardson

Every one at the Beaconsfield Inn had begun to talk about it. This did not make Jim Paxton feel any more cheerful. To be outwitted at every turn by a Wyx eyed and indefatigable chaperon was bad enough, but to realize that all the boarders at the summer hotel were enjoying the game was adding insult to injury.

Up to the third Saturday in July Mrs. Davidson had been an ideal chaperon. She averaged three headaches a week, and these demanded seclusion in her darkened room. During the hops she chatted contentedly with other dowagers in supreme indifference to the fact that her charge, Eleanor Montgomery, was sitting out every other "extra" on the dim and shadowy porch. She declared that one chaperon at a sailing party was sufficient; so, as young Mrs. Baldwin never got seasick, while Mrs. Davidson invariably succumbed to the uncomfortable sensation, the gay little bride went with the young people on the Bonne Belle, and Mrs. Davidson read the latest problem novel on the hotel porch.

But on the night of the third Saturday in July Mrs. Davidson underwent a curious change. Vigilance was stamped upon her usually placid features, and she watched Eleanor as if she expected the girl to be kidnapped and held for a ransom. Simultaneously with the appearance of these symptoms Jim Paxton, joyfully anteloping three weeks of Eleanor's society, arrived at the Inlet.

Eleanor, clad in a fetching frock of white molair, with a spreading collar of deep blue that opened to show her graceful throat, was on the porch when the wagonette drove up from the station. The other girls, whose elaborate but diaphanous gowns had yielded to the inexorable sea air, looked limp and colorless beside Eleanor. Jim Paxton recalled with a certain pride of possession that he had never seen her when she was not well dressed. He could imagine her in lustrous velvet presiding over his dinner table, with the old Paxton plate and the damask that the Paxtons had for years imported from a certain Dublin firm.

After he had greeted her, and incidentally and perforce a number of other people of no consequence whatever from his point of view, he retired to his room. The first thing he did was to take from his grip a small package wrapped in heavy white paper. Next came tissue paper of faintest blue, then a deep blue case, just the color of Eleanor's eyes, and last a stone that blazed against its nest of satin like a comet in a starless heaven.

"It's nervy, sure enough, to bring this down," he said, turning the ring to the light. "But I don't believe she's



HE WAS SITTING ON THE PIER TALKING WITH JEAN BROWN.

been blind all winter, and she's not the sort to lead a fellow on." He laid the jewel case on the dressing table and beside it seven photographs of Eleanor and a thick bunch of letters. They seemed to justify the purchase of the ring. Then he dressed for the evening, slipping the ring into his pocket, with the thought, "I'll have this on her finger before forty-eight hours have passed."

But he had not reckoned on Mrs. Davidson. Before half of the forty-eight hours had passed he realized that something had come between him and the girl of his heart. Before the given term had expired he realized that the something was Eleanor's chaperon.

Then he sat down calmly and took account of stock. Eligible? Yes—good family. Exclusive? Not so much so.

No blot on the scutcheon that he knew of. Rich? Yes, much better off than the Montgomeys and in a conservative way. Rather good looking; well dressed always; belonged to the requisite number of clubs of the requisite standing; could lead a german; was a fairly good whip; never had been recognized as a bore. Great heavens! What did the woman expect of her niece's fiance?

For how could he know that years before his rich old bachelor uncle had trifled with the heart of Winnie Blakely, now Mrs. Prescott Davidson? How could he know the bitterness with which the sensitive girl had watched the illusions of her first love affair fall like a mist at her feet? She had known so little and he so much.

Mrs. Davidson had been abroad during the winter and knew nothing of

the growing attachment between her niece and young Paxton, but from the moment of his arrival she devoted herself to foiling his every effort to be alone with Eleanor. Her headaches mysteriously disappeared. She assumed an interest in sailing that was diligently supported by a newfangled cure for seasickness. At the hops she no longer chatted in the dowagers' corner, but her eyes watched Eleanor's every movement. Clambakes became a source of delight, and her capacity for long walks discouraged the resourceful Jimmy.

Two weeks were almost gone, and the ring still lay in his pocket. He was sitting on the pier, talking with Jean Brown, Eleanor's most intimate friend. There was a twinkle in Jean's eyes, and, taking courage, he poured his trouble in her sympathetic ears, finally working himself up into a fine fury.

"Diplomacy, diplomacy," urged Jean when he stopped at last, only, however, from lack of breath. "You're going on the wheeling trip to the Point tomorrow, aren't you?"

"Yes, but Mrs. Davidson even rides a wheel."

"Well, I'm going down to the village now. I believe I can find a cure for her wheeling fad. Personally I think it's bad form for a woman of her age to ride, even to protect her niece. Goodby."

Jean went away smiling, and Jim felt strangely comforted. That night when they met in the dim corridor Jean slipped something into his hand. It was a gray cube and it felt like pasteboard. He glanced at her curiously.

"The antidote for an overdose of chaperon. I'll leave the rest to you."

When the bicyclers started out the next morning, something was wrong with Eleanor's wheel. With commendable patience Jim tinkered at it, while Mrs. Davidson, looking remarkably in her English made suit, watched the rest of the party steadily growing dimmer down the firm beach road.

At last the trio started, and at the first smooth stretch of road Jimmy offered Eleanor a "box of the best" if she'd bent him to the party now rounding the cliffs. She was off like the wind, never looking back to see whether Jimmy was gaining on her. Once she thought she heard a feminine scream not unlike Mrs. Davidson's, but she did not dare to look back.

When she dashed into the merry group at the Point there was a chorus of questions. "Where is dear Mrs. Davidson?" And Jimmy Paxton, tearing breathlessly after her, explained shamelessly that Mrs. Davidson's tire had been punctured at the first bend in the road and she'd decided to go back.

When the Paxton-Montgomery wedding occurred, the groom did the unconventional thing. He presented the maid of honor with a souvenir of the occasion, for, as he explained:

"Jean, you gave me a five cent box of tacks once, beside which this meanly sunburst pales into insignificance."

A Story of John Randolph.

The Philadelphia Times tells a good story of John Randolph, that descendant of Pocahontas who figured so brilliantly in congress as a representative of Virginia. He was once accosted on the plaza of a hotel by a young blonde who had been boasting of his acquaintance with Randolph and who thought he could bluff the Virginian into speaking to him before the admiring guests of the hostelry. He plucked himself before Randolph and saluted him with: "Good morning, senator!"

"Morning!" replied Randolph without the faintest sign of recognition.

"Fine day, senator."

"A fact apparent to everybody, sir!" came from the Virginian.

"Er—what is going on, senator?" persisted the cad, flushing under the rebuff of the senator.

"I am, sir."

Wild with indignation, the accoster made a detour, met Randolph face to face on another part of the porch and, planting himself firmly in the way, declared:

"I never turn out for any low, mean, sneaking, contemptible puppy!"

"I always do," said Randolph merrily as he stepped to one side and continued his promenade.

Mozart's Requiem.

One night came a stranger, knocking at Mozart's door, and commanded:

"Write me a mass for the dead."

"Surely my hour is almost come," said the musician. "I must write."

And again came the stranger in the night and asked:

"Is the mass for the dead ready for the playing?"

The tension of toil was tightened. The Harmonies, filled with such rapture as only immortal spirits know, did their utmost. The musician lay dead, with the requiem mass in his hand.

The next night came the stranger, querying:

"Is the mass for the dead complete?"

In the wonder and majesty of the stars the seven Harmonies went their way. Their light left a quiver of light like that a burning meteor streaks across the affrighted sky. The soul of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart winged back to the place of souls, and the body was tumbled into a pauper's grave—a grave in which two others rested, very humble and much worn with toil. No stone marks the spot. The place has been forgotten.—Mrs. E. W. Peattie in Atlantic.

Unappreciative.

"I think, my dear," said the proud mother as the daughter sat at the piano and let a few thrillful thrills escape, "we should send Mabel abroad to have her voice cultivated."

"All right," replied the husband and father, "and the farther abroad she cultivates it the better!"—Chicago News.

PAROLES NOT REVOKED.

General Grant Laid Down the Law to President Johnson.

Daniel R. Goodloe, for many years a distinguished resident of Washington and chairman of the commission to free the slaves of the District, once told this story:

"One morning soon after the surrender at Appomattox I was one of a group of gentlemen standing on Pennsylvania avenue, discussing the momentous questions of the day. As we talked General Grant rode toward us, smoking his usual cigar. Recognizing several of us, he dismounted and joined us.

"What's the news?" he asked.

"I answered, 'We are discussing a piece of news which comes to us directly from the White House and which gives me no little concern. What is it?' asked the general.

"I understand that President Andrew Johnson intends to revoke the parole of General Lee and other generals of the late Southern Confederacy."

"Who was your informant?" asked General Grant.

"I gave him the name of the gentleman who had given the information."

"General Grant quietly said, 'Thank you, gentlemen,' remounted his horse and rode rapidly away toward the White House.

"We leisurely turned our steps in the same direction, and as we entered the portico we saw Grant coming down the steps looking more excited than I had ever seen him before. I went upstairs and met a friend who had been in conference that morning with Mr. Johnson on the subject above mentioned. He said to me: 'If you have any request to make of the president this morning, keep it until some other time. He is angrier than I have ever seen him. A moment ago General Grant strode into his presence and emphatically demanded, "Do you intend to revoke the parole of General Robert E. Lee and other officers of the late Confederacy?"'

"I am considering the subject," Johnson replied. "You need not consider it. Those paroles were signed by me as general commanding the army of the United States. My promise to them shall be kept in good faith if it takes the army of the United States, plus the army of the late Confederacy, to enforce it."

"Saying this, Grant retired and left Johnson white with rage."

"We never heard any more of the revocation of the paroles."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

OLD FASHIONED.

What has become of the old fashioned man who called a boil a "gathering?"

What has become of the old fashioned man who referred to coal as "stone coals?"

What has become of the old fashioned woman who bought wall paper and hung it herself?

What has become of the old fashioned boy who believed that eating gunpowder would make him fierce?

What has become of the old fashioned mustang pony that had to be broken every time it was hitched up?

What has become of the old fashioned person who said to a child that had fallen, "Come here, and I'll help you up?"

What has become of the old fashioned woman who used to say to her boy when he came in late, "I'll attend to your case after supper?"—Atchison Globe.

Carefulness of Surgeons.

It is an object lesson in godlessness to see a surgeon washing his hands after performing an operation, says the Chicago Chronicle. He works of course with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, so that the washing extends from the cravat bone to the tip of the finger nail.

First there is a hasty scrubbing with plain soap and sterilized water. This is followed by a swabbing with tincture of green soap and sterilized water. Then comes a genuine scouring with equal parts of quicklime and soda in sterilized water and finally a rinsing in a solution (1 to 2,000) of bichloride of mercury. Without these four separate washings no surgeon would think of venturing out to scatter germs of disease.

—New York Times.

A Lesson In Hospitality.

A curious instance of provincial hospitality in a small Tuscan town is recorded by Luigi Villari in "Italian Life In Town and Country."

A lady of very noble birth and of considerable wealth was giving a musical party—it was the first time she had invited friends to her house that season. The entertainment began at 2 p. m. and lasted till 7. No refreshments were provided for the guests, but at half past 4 a servant appeared and solemnly presented a cup of chocolate to the hostess and one to her mother. This, of course, would only be possible in a very provincial town. In the more civilized spots excellent refreshments are always offered to the guests.

—New York Times.

A Scriptural Weapon.

Children tumble into strange morasses when they grapple with theology. They trip over words. For example, the other day a teacher at Steppen took for the Bible lesson the story of Samson. At the end of the lesson questions were put to test the understanding of the scholars. "With what weapon did Samson slay a thousand Philistines?" was the question. For a space there was silence. Then a little girl spoke up. "With the ax of the apostles," she said.—London Chronicle.

—New York Times.

Conceited.

Phyllis—Harry is the most conceited man I ever met.

Maud—What makes you think so?

Phyllis—Why, he first asserts that I am the most adorable woman in the world, the most beautiful, intellectual and in every respect a paragon, and then he wants me to marry him!

—New York Times.

Nodd—Every time I go on a vacation I swear I'll never take another.

Topp—Why don't you stick to it?

Nodd—Because every time I stay at home I vow I'll never do it again.—Brooklyn Life.

—New York Times.

Quite Natural.

"Isn't it strange that humorists are nearly always melancholy?"

"Oh, I don't know. You see, they sell all their good humor, and then they have to get along the best they can on what's left!"—New York Herald.

—New York Times.

The Other Man.

"Dar am two sides to a victory," said Uncle Shad. "Dar's de p'nt ob view ob de victor and de p'nt ob view ob de man dat gets licked. Mos' ob'v'y means defeat for deudder chap!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

—New York Times.

Seesaw.

Nodd—Every time I go on a vacation I swear I'll never take another.

Topp—Why don't you stick to it?

Nodd—Because every time I stay at home I vow I'll never do it again.—Brooklyn Life.

—New York Times.

Noddy.

Noddy likes an overture very well,

but band and orchestra leaders continue to play them because it is customary.—Atchison Globe.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

Unsuccessful Inventions that Preceded Howe's Patent in 1840.

The technical beginning of the sewing machine industry in this country was Sept. 10, 1840, when Elias Howe, Jr., obtained a patent for what grew into the first really practical sewing machine. Only three of the first Howe machines were made, however, and one of these was deposited in the patent office in Washington as a model. It was not until after 1850 that a factory for the making of sewing machines was built, so the enormous business of today has grown up in a short half century.

While Howe's invention marked the beginning of a successful industry, he was by no means the pioneer in efforts to substitute mechanical for hand sewing. As far back as 1770 Thomas Ainsworth patented in England a machine for embroidery. Another machine for embroidery in a loom was invented by John Duncan in 1804, and twenty-five years later another Englishman named Hellman patented still another embroidery machine.

The first recorded attempt at mechanical sewing was the invention of Thomas Saint, who took out a patent in England in 1790 for a machine which executed the old crocheted stitch. It was not a success, but some of the features of the Saint machine appear in the perfected machine of today.

Bartholomew Thimonnier patented in France in 1830 the first sewing machine put into practical use. Eighty of his machines were in use for sewing army clothing in 1831, when a mob destroyed them because convinced they would drive seamstresses out of employment. Thimonnier built new and better machines, but all his work was again destroyed by angry artisans in 1848.

John J. Greenough took out the first patent for a sewing machine in the United States in 1812. It was intended to sew leather, but was of no practical use.

Cartwright's Trustee

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

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WHEN Cameron tilted back his chair against the rough and rugged wall of the log house, the light of the fire shone upon his abundant gray hair and ruddy face, but he had drawn out of the heat. The collar of his flannel shirt flared away upon each side, and I saw his rounded and strong throat, with a triangular bit of his bare chest below.

"Now for the interview," he said, pausing between the words to draw upon his newly lighted pipe with keen enjoyment. "Why am I here? That's the matter of interest, is it? Why do I live in this Adirondack wilderness after those tools over there?" and he waved his hand toward a deal table littered with pens and paper, "have brought me that which you are pleased to call success?"

Upon this he told me the following story:

I visited this region the first time with a hunting party about ten years ago. The others were men whom I had come to know in one way or another, men of means, all of them, while I could hardly raise the amount of my fare.

In some way which is not important to this narrative I became separated from my friends one day when we were roaming the primeval forest together. It was a startling experience, for the chances were excellent that I might wander all night in the cold, and at that time I was not robust. However, just as it was growing dark I fell in with a man upon whose neck I could have wept for joy, though I had not the pleasure of a previous acquaintance with him.

He may have been forty years old, brown as an Indian, slender, tall and lithe. His voice had a cheery ring, his eyes were bright, his language had the way of the woods, but when we passed beyond the first quick questions and answers I perceived that he did not lack cultivation. His name was Robert Cartwright.

He led me to this house, and, though he tried to moderate his pace to mine, I had hard work to follow him.

When Cartwright set foot upon the slab of rock that makes the step outside there, the door was suddenly flung open, and a pleasant voice cried, "Why, Bobby, how little you are!"

The next moment "Bobby" was being kissed in a very simple, unaffected and altogether enviable fashion, and he was contributing liberally to the demonstration when he happened to remember me, which is more than I had a right to expect under the circumstances. Mrs. Cartwright had not yet become aware that her husband was not alone, for she had come out of the brightness into the dusk.

"There is some one with me," I heard Cartwright whisper. And then he presented me most agreeably.

Yet there was a touch of formalism in his words and manner. They favored of the city. And when Mrs. Cartwright greeted me she was not quite so fine a woman as she had been a minute before, with her arms around her husband's neck. I had introduced an element of artificiality, I had carried them back.

"I wish our boy were here," said Cartwright presently. "You'd then see our little home just right. But he's gone to a boarding school."

"We are sorry that we sent him," said Mrs. Cartwright. And then she showed me a photograph of a boy of ten years.

I was able to say without prevarication that Bobby junior was the image of his sire.

Well, we had a great supper, for which I had the better appetite be-

cause of waiting while the preparation of it was completed. In this task the husband assisted.

I was a very formal fellow in those days. My manner was as stiff as a starched shirt collar (and he pulled his gauze garment open a little wider at these words). From the outset I could see that Mrs. Cartwright detected the flavor of my breeding and that her woman's nature would not let her admit any deficiency on her own part. Indeed, there was no need of it, for she was born and bred a lady and quite to the circle of my own family's acquaintance, as I learned presently, for she was a Wayne of the old Connecticut stock, and the Camerons were proud of an alliance with them two generations ago, when both were rich.

Some talk of this very distant rela-

tionship brought us nearer together and carried us farther from the woods. I answered many questions about the news of cities and heard some old stories which led me to know that Cartwright had not lived always in the wilderness by any means.

It was late in the evening, however, before I ventured to ask what had led them so far away from the centers of cultivation and refinement which would have been their natural habitat.

"You remember Holmes' line?" said Cartwright. "Put not your trust in money, but your money in trust." Well, my father put his money in trust for me, and this is the result. My trustee got away with it."

"God bless him!" said the lady, taking her husband's hand.

She was sitting on the arm of his chair at the time and looking very sweet in the firelight. I could not think of her as the mother of a ten-year-old boy; she looked so young and so light hearted and hopeful. Yet she was a beaten woman by all the rules. She was married to a man who was poor and would never be otherwise. Her real youth was gone, and even should Cart-



SHE WAS SITTING ON THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR.

wright die—as is the duty of a poor man with a pretty wife—I couldn't fancy Mrs. Cartwright returning to fight the battle over again.

It is true that I was puzzled by the fervency of her prayer for the dishonest trustee, though I judged it was a part of her fidelity to her husband, a part of her long resolve never to reproach him for their poverty.

He raised her hand to his lips before he answered the question which he had seen in my eyes.

"I suppose he saved my life," said Cartwright, "and that is why Marjory blesses him. May heaven bless her! I was a wild boy, Mr. Cameron. My father always gave me plenty of money, and I 'went the pace,' as the phrase is."

"He was not so bad, I guess," said Marjory, with a hand upon his head, where I observed that the dark brown hair was thin at the back of the crown. "Let my bald spot be the witness to my crimes," said he, reading my eye again. "It was bigger at twenty-five years than it is now, and a fellow doesn't get such an ornament for nothing. Late hours, champagne, bad tobacco in strolling cafes under the glare of lights! Yes, yes; it is a blessing that my trustee became a thief before I had time to become anything worse myself."

"I was beginning to feel the strain. My pet doctor pointed out an open grave to me every time I went to see him, and finally he drove me up into the woods for a little rest. He did it by promising that the relaxation would give me life for a year and perhaps two of the fun that I was having."

"Fun!" echoed Mrs. Cartwright.

"Upon my soul!" said her husband, "it was the emptiest, painfulest, most sordid, wretched and hopeless existence ever suffered by a mortal creature. But I didn't know it then. Well, I came up into the Adirondacks with a dozen other profligates before whom the grave also yawned, and we endeavored to restore our health by sitting all day and night in the room of a little hotel a few miles from here drinking bad liquor and playing cards for money. I remember that the luck was dead against me all the time—the worst run I ever had. Indeed, about the third day I sent a hasty call to my trustee for funds. But, Mr. Cameron, at the very moment when I was writing to him he was a bankrupt and twenty-four hours later he was on his secret way to South America, or some say to China, with the wreck of his dishonesty. Heaven forgive and bless him! It was the beginning of a new life."

"You went back to town and started over again, I suppose?"

"I have never been out of these woods since then," said Cartwright, "except when I took my boy down to Albany to school at the beginning of this fall. In the old days when that thunderbolt hit me I went to bed, believing that the grave which my doctor had pointed out to me was my only refuge and wishing to encourage it to yawn as hard and fast as possible. Presently my cross and crabbled old uncle, William Cartwright, from Brooklyn, appeared upon the scene and favored me with the details of my ruin. He closed by offering me a small allowance on the bargain that I would live up here in the woods for a year or for longer unless my health should be fully restored.

"I was willing. There was no reason why I should go back. But dying isn't so easy up here. Strangely enough, I acquired an appetite for life. I began to go out hunting with a guide and surprised him—and myself far more—by developing into a first rate shot with a rifle. Before the end of that winter I had gained nearly twenty pounds, though you wouldn't call me fat at all stand, and I could eat bear meat right off the bear."

"Mr. Cameron, I liked the life. I was

or it. I had had enough of the wild life. I resolved to stay here, and here I am. My uncle gave me money enough to buy this house and a bit of running down to the lake, and here I established a hermitage."

His voice changed, and his eyes began to glisten.

"In the long winter evenings," he continued, "I began to write to a little girl. She was only sixteen, and she was going to school. I wrote bear stories for her and lonesome tales of the woods. You must understand that just before my pecuniary disaster I had chance to see her, and somehow her beauty—at this point Mrs. Cartwright tried to cover her mouth with her hand—"her beauty," he persisted, "and her innocence had remained with me. And she had remembered me. Think of it—me, the profligate! What miracles doth heaven grant! Well, well, I wrote her stories of the woods, and finally I wrote her love stories, and so at last, being quite free in the world, though only nineteen when this happened, she came up into the wilderness to see me, and we were married at Pine Knot, five miles down the lake."

"Therefore," he went on, extending his left hand toward a pitcher of cider on the table, "I shall propose the health of all thieving, rascally trustees who steal the money of those foolish heirs who are not fit to have it. Ah, Mr. Cameron, think what he did for me! Think of this pure, healthy life among the fragrant trees! I am supremely happy. I bless him. I honor him. Here's to him—old Archibald Withington—may the saints receive him!"

I was about to raise my glass, but laid it down again.

"Archibald Withington?" said I.

"Why, I know him. He has offices in the same building as myself."

"You're thinking of his son," said Cartwright, smiling.

"Pardon me," I rejoined, "The man I'm thinking of can't be the son of any one now living. He is more than a hundred years old, I should say, though he hasn't grown a day older in ten years.

He is tall as a tree, straight as a gun barrel, and he bears a scar upon his left cheek that he says he got in the civil war, though I think it was more likely the Revolution."

"Archibald Withington in New York?" cried Cartwright. "He has made another fortune. Then?"

"He has always been rich," said I.

"He was never ruined. He never fled."

We were all upon our feet by this time and very much excited.

"Cartwright," said I, "your uncle—tell me about him. You say that he was strict severe. By heavens, he took this means to reform you, with Withington's connivance, of course. Was there any provision in your father's will which could give the color of honesty to—"

"Much; much was left to Withington's discretion," said Cartwright in a

trembling voice. "And yet the money is undoubtedly mine. Did anybody ever hear of such scandalous, infamous robbery as this? Marjory, my poor girl! And I have kept you slaving in this wilderness, without a rag of clothes, without a jewel!"

"We have been happy here," she said through hysterical tears. "But for our son's sake I think we ought to make some attempt to have our rights."

"Attempt!" cried Cartwright. "Well, you just watch me. I'll stand those two old villains on their venerable heads. I'll—"

"Oh, dear!" (Mr. Cameron continued).

To think what I did to them, those

kind and happy folks who welcomed me to their hospitable table that evening! They went back to the city, and they found the truth to be as I conjectured. It had been done for Cartwright's good.

So they got all their money (he rambled on), and a great sum it was.

Cartwright gave me \$1,000 and this cabin. He and his wife took a house on Fifth avenue, and they went much into society—for the sake of the child, they said, though what difference it could make to a boy I don't know. If it had been a girl—but why discuss it?

I called at their house when I was in the city last year, and Mrs. Cartwright had me to lunch. Her husband was too ill to come downstairs—too ill to see me, in fact. I don't wonder.

They live very high, and when a man

has been used to open air and good,

wholesome food the change goes hard with him. A woman, of course, can stand anything—except worse clothes than her neighbors. And Mrs. Cartwright dresses wonderfully well, but she's beginning to look old. Poor woman! She was so pretty, so rosy, so happy and healthy here that night in the light of the fire! And it's not so long ago.

Cartwright sent down word to me that if there was anything I wanted I need only ask for it. He would set no limit upon his gratitude to the man

who brought him into his fortune. I didn't take anything. As a man of heart, as a man from outdoors, by Jingo, I couldn't do it!

Another Novel Fire Engine.

The chief of the fire department in

Rouen, France, has invented a fire

pump which can be operated by

tapping the current of any street car or

electric light system.

The pump is small enough to be drawn easily by one

horse in a light, two-wheeled cart, but

sufficiently powerful to throw a stream

of water 100 feet high. In a trial the

new pump developed its full energy in

three minutes, while a steam pump re-

quired fourteen minutes to get up the

same pressure.

SELECTIONS

THIS VERY FAST AGE.

SUN DISSATISFIED IN SPITE OF OUR TREMENDOUS SPEED DEVELOPMENT.

The more civilized men become the more restless. The aboriginal brother was never in a hurry, but he managed to get around to his fast resting place on time.

It is said that the old Dutch gallant of the last century was always satisfied if he got to the West Indies in his slow moving "yacht" in a year. We now cross the ocean in less than six days, but are no better satisfied than the mariner of old. Recently the Krounprinz Wilhelm made the voyage from Cherbourg to New York in five days, eleven hours and fifty-seven minutes, making an average gait of 23.09 knots. Her owners are no better satisfied than though she had not beaten her own best previous performance by three hours. They are still looking for another record.

We now have a running horse that does a mile in 137 4/5. A great trotter has been nearly blowing its lungs out to make a mile within two minutes for some time past. Vanderbilt's automobile has been driven a mile in 43 3/5 seconds. Great locomotives now will pull heavy express trains a mile a minute.

Not less wonderful are our records of speed on the water. A short time ago the Arrow steamed a mile in less than 11m. 20s. Other rivals had formerly crept up to nearly the speed, but the Arrow now bears the champion's record. Her record means that she can travel forty-five miles an hour, which is the speed of an ordinary locomotive, and if it could be made more continuous would send her to Europe in three days.

On the strength of the Arrow's performances they are now figuring on a three day ship to Europe and say that the plan is very feasible. It is a mere question of mathematics to lay out a ship after the pattern of the Arrow 700 feet long and with a proportional driving power that would send her across from New York to Liverpool in three days. On paper we already have it.—Detroit Free Press.

Compass That Steers by Stars.

One of the most important and far-reaching inventions to the maritime world ever recorded, says the San Francisco Call, has been patented by Captain Robert T. Lawless of the steamship Australia of the Oceanic Steamship company. The Lawless invention is called a "stellar compass" and "great circle course projector." By this invention Captain Lawless asserts it is possible to steer a ship after dusk by fixing the compass on a particular star, thereby insuring the straight course of the vessel throughout the night. When once fixed on a certain star, the new invention will hold to it until shifted to another point. Great things are expected by the maritime world from the Lawless machine. The captain says: "In my compass simplicity and usefulness are the strongest recommendations to the seafaring community. Men who follow the sea to whom I have shown it pronounce it a valuable aid to navigation. It is a calculating machine and needs no computation of any kind. It can be used with the sun, moon or planets as well as the fixed stars."

Mules Plow in Asphalt.

In the Indian Territory, where all sorts of things are done that were never heard of elsewhere, they are plowing asphalt, says the Kansas City Star. Eighteen miles southeast of Comanche, in the Chickasaw country, six strapping Missouri mules are hitched to a big breaking plow every day and long furrows of asphalt are turned. It is the same kind of a plow the farmers use

who break ground in the black jack country, and the asphalt is the kind got by blasting on the island of Trinidad.

The mules are plowing in the center of a deposit one-third larger than the asphalt deposits on Trinidad. Wells have been dug to the depth of 100 feet. Strata of asphalt of varying thicknesses have been encountered to whatever depth the wells have been sunk. The supply is apparently inexhaustible. Men of means have become convinced there are millions of dollars to be made and are either going to make it or lose a fortune in their experiment.

Most American City in Canada.

Winnipeg is the Mecca of the immigrant to Manitoba and the northwest. A city of 60,000 inhabitants, with banks and warehouses that would do credit to the old country, with miles of avenues and red brick villas down which run rapid electric cars, carrying their lines, with an eye for the future, far into the market gardens and cornfields, Winnipeg, with its forest of telegraph and telephone poles and network of overhead wires, is more American and go ahead than any city in the west of Canada.—London Express.

Another Novel Fire Engine.

The chief of the fire department in Rouen, France, has invented a fire pump which can be operated by tapping the current of any street car or electric light system. The pump is small enough to be drawn easily by one horse in a light, two-wheeled cart, but sufficiently powerful to throw a stream of water 100 feet high. In a trial the new pump developed its full energy in three minutes, while a steam pump required fourteen minutes to get up the same pressure.

Fall and Winter Styles

I have just received a fine line of goods for fall and winter wear, and am prepared to furnish you all the latest styles in custom tailoring.

M. J. SLATTERY,

The Merchant Tailor.

UNDERTAKING.

BIRON.

Mrs. Frank Langhlin entertained at six o'clock dinner on Monday in honor of her twentieth birthday. A large number of guests were present and a very pleasant evening spent.

The funeral of Sheridan Jessmer was largely attended by friends from this place, nearly the entire mill force being brother Woodmen.

A very pleasant dancing party was given at the Dankert home on Saturday evening.

Grant and Willie Miller of Stevens Point visited over Sunday with friends.

Bert Herten was laid up a few days the past week with a sprained ankle.

Startling, but True.

"If every one knew what a grand medicine Dr. King's New Life Pills is," writes D.H. Turner, Dempseytown, Pa., "you'd sell all you have in a day. Two weeks use has made a new man of me." Inflatable for constipation, stomach and liver troubles. 25¢ at John E. Daly's drug store.

PITTSVILLE.

The Landis sewing machine for harness makers seems to be something new in Grand Rapids, but is not so in Pittsville. Our up to date harness maker, C. A. Ludewig, has been using one for several years with great advantage to himself and profit to his patrons. We also have the best equipped shoe shop in the county, the old shoemaker at one time had as good an outfit as is to be found in any shoe factory in the state outside of Milwaukee, but lacked the money to run it and the thing went democratic like our Pittsville bank, but we expect to call a new election on the bank question and Pittsville will have a bank regardless of the sentiment of some outside parties. New institutions are coming in right long, among them our new hotel, the Elm Park, which is a credit to the place. The proprietors, J. C. Kurtz & Son, are sparing no pains in making the house attractive and in giving home comforts to their patrons.

Wm. H. Dawes, son of Wm. A. Dawes, who has been working for the Bradley & Metcalf Shoe Co., Milwaukee, returned home Monday morning. He reports it to be very slack in all the shoe factories at the present time.

Wm. F. Fethenhire, our candidate for county clerk, has been visiting friends in the city for a few days, but will soon go to Birnamwood where he has accepted a situation as pharmacist in a drug store.

F. C. Wagner of South Dakota, who has bought a farm near here, has also bought the grocery business of L. E. Colvin. Mr. Wagner's son will run the store.

F. A. Rapp and J. J. O'Connor of Marshfield were in town Saturday and stopped at the Elm Park.

Wm. Sprawl, who has been working in Wild Rose, returned to our city last Friday.

Fred and Ulrist Strauss of Monroe, Wis., are visiting friends in town.

A Startling Surprise.

Very few could believe in looking at A. T. Hoadley, a healthy, robust blacksmith of Tilden, Ind., that for ten years he suffered such tortures from Rheumatism as few could endure and live. But a wonderfull change followed his taking Electric Bitters. "Two bottles wholly cured me," he writes, "and I have not felt a twinge in over a year." They regulate the kidneys, purify the blood and cure the Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervousness, improve digestion and give perfect health. Try them. Only 50 cts. at John E. Daly's drug store.

GRANMOOR.

Our teachers, Misses Berard and LeBrot, took the Friday afternoon train for their respective homes at Grand Rapids, remaining Saturday and Sunday.

Chas. Westcott and the Misses Marie LeBrot, Lillian Warner, Jennie Berard and Dorothy Fitch were visitors at the Whittlesey home Wednesday evening.

Miss Amelia Kluge came down on the noon train Monday after a week's visit at her Vesper home and attended at the church dedication Sunday.

Gilbert Marviu, Kathering Galligan and Nellie Young of Neekoosa with Kirk Muir of Grand Rapids were guests at the Fitch home Sunday.

Edward Kruger drove to Grand Rapids Friday. Miss Myra, Charles and Eddie accompanied him home for the usual school interim.

Pearl Rezin attended the musicals given by Miss Edith Lynn at Grand Rapids Friday evening.

Wm. McLain of St. Louis arrived Monday afternoon and will spend some time with his relatives, the W. H. Fitch family.

Harry Whittlesey and the Misses Harriet Whittlesey and Dorothy Fitch spent Thursday and Friday at Grand Rapids.

J. B. Arpin is still a frequent visitor looking after his business interests at this point.

Miss Martha Taylor was a Port Edwards visitor Saturday and Sunday.

J. W. Fitch was a business visitor at Grand Rapids on Monday.

Chas. Westcott was a Grand Rapids visitor Sunday.

Asleep Amid Flames.

Breaking into a blazing house, some firemen lately dragged the sleeping inmates from death. Fancied security and death near. Its that way when you neglect coughs and colds. Don't you do it Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption gives perfect protection against all Throat, Chest, and Lung Troubles. Keep it near, and avoid suffering, death and doctor's bills. A tea-spoonful stops a 17-cent cough, persistent use the most stubborn. Harmless and nice tasting it's guaranteed to satisfy by John E. Daly. Price 50¢ and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

MARSHFIELD.

Free delivery of mail will be inaugurated in Marshfield on the first of March and a competitive examination for all mail carriers will be held in this city on January 10th. Three carriers will be appointed to commence with, besides which there will be a substitute in order to fill vacancies. Applicants must be between the ages of 15 and 45 years and must be at least 5 feet 4 in height and weight not less than 125 pounds. Applicants desiring to take the examinations must secure blanks for same from Fred Allman, Marshfield, who is the temporary secretary of the board of examiners.

Two elopers were caught at the depot in this city last Tuesday by the local officers. The man's name was Rosguska and had deserted his wife and the female in the case was a girl only 16 years old. They came from Hatley, a small town near Wausau and were on their way to St. Paul. The man was about 40 years old. He was arrested on the charge of having deserted his wife.

Patronage at the Marshfield library has been increasing greatly of late and during the month of October 1287 books were taken from the institution. The total number of books in the library is now 2300 not counting the public documents.

The election on Wednesday last resulted in the election of Charles Schumler as alderman of the 4th ward over George Welton, and George H. Reynolds in the 5th ward who ran without opposition.

To the Public

Allow me to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy I can recommend it with the utmost confidence. It has done good work for me and will do the same for others. I had a very severe cough and feared I would get pneumonia, but after taking the second dose of this medicine I felt better, three bottles of it cured my cold and the pains in my chest disappeared entirely. I am most respectfully yours for health, Ralph S. Meyers, 64-Third-seventh St., Wheeling, W. Va. For sale by Johnson & Hill & Co. Wood County Drug Store.

H. T. McIntrye, St. Paul, Minn., who has been troubled with a disordered stomach, says, "Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets do me more good than anything I have taken." For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

VESPER.

Among those who transacted business in Grand Rapids during the week are Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Kluge, C. R. Goldsworthy, Mrs. Hessler and daughter Bertha, C. Otto, Lena Otto, Vinnie White, Mrs. P. J. Flanagan, Nellie Flanagan, Lenore Hessler, Jos. and Chas. Ladet, Ed Wussau, Ed Flanagan, Albert Frederick, J. Q. Rote, Mrs. Charles Sunderland.

The New Lutheran church was dedicated on Sunday. The largest crowd of people ever seen in Vesper was present, there being about two hundred from neighboring towns. The church is built in modern style and the people have something to be proud of.

Quite a number of town people took advantage of the excursion and visited in Vesper on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Schnabel and son Aylward visited at the Flanagan residence on Sunday.

Henry Treutel and B. Mudey shot two large wolves and a deer last week.

Dr. Warner of Arpin made professional calls in Vesper Saturday and Sunday.

The M. W. A. of Vesper are contemplating building a hall in the near future.

Ervin Page and wife of Grand Rapids visited with friends in Vesper on Sunday.

Remember This.

When in need of good reliable cough medicine our readers will do well to remember that Hart's Honey and Horehound not only affords immediate relief but effectually cures. Mrs. Michael Savage of Lincoln, Ills., says of this valuable medicine, "On Saturday night of last week I was awakened and greatly alarmed at finding my daughter, four years of age, suffering from a severe attack of croup. As we always keep a bottle of Hart's Honey and Horehound in the house, I gave her three doses of the medicine and in twenty minutes she was entirely out of danger." Hart's Honey and Horehound is sold by Sam Church druggist.

BABCOCK.

On Friday evening there was given a very enjoyable surprise party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Griffith in honor of the twenty-first birthday of their son, Amos. It was a total surprise and was voted a success by all present.

J. J. O'Riley, foreman of the American Grass Twine Co. at this place, left for St. Paul on Wednesday evening with the horses belonging to the company, they having completed operations for this season.

Charles Porter went to Milwaukee on Wednesday evening to undergo an operation for appendicitis. He was operated upon Thursday and at the present writing he is improving.

It looks pretty dusky in some parts of the village, but let us hope it won't get too dark.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lombard have been visiting Tomah for a few days the past week.

Sam Griffith and John Close transacted business at the county seat on Monday.

Mrs. A. Brest visited Marshfield on Monday and Tuesday.

There is a new con in town.

It stands alone, it towers above. There's no other, its nature's wonder a warming poultice to the heart of mankind. Such is Rocky Mountain Tea. Sold by Johnson & Hill Co.

RUDOLPH.

Lesord Reinhart was called to Wausau Sunday on account of his brother's illness, and returned Monday and brought him with him.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Bates departed on Saturday for March Rapids to be the guests of Mrs. Bates' brother, Mr. H. Grand-haw.

Miss Francelia Slattery returned to Grand Rapids after spending a few days at home. Miss Slattery is running a sewing shop.

Eddie Duma returned home to Fond du Lac Saturday. Mr. Duma has been doing some carpenter work for Peter Akey.

Jonnie Peterson and Miss Lechia Riley left Tuesday noon for Florida where they will spend the winter.

Pet Codere and sister Fanny of Port Edwards were guests of their parents between trains on Monday.

Merritt Denniston who has been visiting friends at Fond du Lac returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. St. Dennis spent Sunday in Stevens Point the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Durant.

Emery Provost left Monday for Tomahawk where he will spend a week with his brother.

Mrs. Frank Mabee of Wausau is visiting with friends and relatives in this vicinity this week.

Leonard Crotteau, who has been in Montana during the summer season, is home at present.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chambers departed for Berlin Monday and stay away about a week.

Mrs. Fred Logan and daughter Meretta started Wednesday for Milwaukee to spend Thanksgiving with her parents.

Walter Coulthart, who has been to Tomah for the past five weeks, is home again.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Gouchee of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with Mr. Mawil and family.

Our famous merchant Mr. L. H. Weyers is still buying potatoes this week.

Mrs. P. Keyzer was taken seriously ill Monday. Dr. Loosse being in attendance.

Marcel Rattelle of Port Wing is the guest of his father and brother this week.

John Coulthart is the proud owner of one of J. F. Moore's best wagons.

Peter Brown has been visiting friends in this berg the past week.

Tom Laffae of your city spent Sunday at the Whitman home.

Mrs. Fred Phillips departed for her home in Milwaukee Saturday.

O. Dudley of your city did some work on his farm here last week.

F. H. Logan was a business visitor in your city Saturday.

BRIEF STATE NEWS.

Frances Odett of Wausau killed herself last Friday by taking strichnine. She left several letters which indicated that the deed was done for love. She had secured the poison at a drug store by telling the clerk that she wanted it for her mother who was going to kill rats and mice with it.

Wausau is becoming quite a hold up town. On Sunday night Frank Genrik was stopped by two men who attempted to take his money away from him, but Genrik slugged one of the men in the face and grabbed with the other and got away without losing any thing but his temper. This is the second holdup that has been tried there within a short time.

William Kounas and Barney Garasika, who were convicted by the circuit court at Stevens Point last week of robbing Andrew Anderson of the town of Linwood, were each sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

John Krauss, a young farmer living near Neenah met death early Monday morning by falling from the porch of his house. He struck his head on a pointed stone which penetrated his skull.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

With Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it the best external remedies, Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prepared by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients, is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for test tube free.

J. J. CHEREY & Co., Prop., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It is said that every bride has many friends, but in a few years they dwindle down to one. That's Rocky Mountain Tea. Makes and keeps her well. 25 cents at Johnson & Hill Company.

For up to date trimmed hats call on Mrs. T. J. Kieman & Co.

Smoke the Wineschek cigar. The best ten cent smoke on earth.

GEO. W. BAKER,

Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer.

All business intrusted to my care will have prompt and careful attention. A qualified lady assistant. Special attention given to night calls.

Telephone 313. Center St. East Side.

GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

SNAP SHOTS and BARGAINS

WIND-UP SALE.

One Week Only---Dec. 1st to 6th!

We offer you snaps that we call big bargains to wind up our 1902 year's business, the best record of business done for the time of eleven years. To show up the fact that we appreciate the patronage of our customers, we will offer you very big bargains way down under the market value.

REMEMBER THE DATES.

Good light calico, fast colors, at wind-up sale, per yard.....	23¢
Good dark calico, fast color, per yard.....	33¢
Good dark lawns and dimities worth 6c, at this sale per yard.....	2c
Fancy wool silk striped waisting, worth 9c, now.....	50c
54 inch Ladies' cloth, all wool, worth 85c, now.....	50c
Ladies' Jersey knit skirt worth 90c at this sale.....	45c
Ladies' hemstitched handkerchiefs, always 5c, now.....	3c
Walter Coulthart, who has been to Tomah for the past five weeks, is home again.	10c
Mr. and Mrs. H. Gouchee of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with Mr. Mawil and family.	35c
Our famous merchant Mr. L. H. Weyers is still buying potatoes this week.	29c
Mrs. P. Keyzer was taken seriously ill Monday. Dr. Loosse being in attendance.	25c
Marcel Rattelle of Port Wing is the guest of his father and brother this week.	19c
John Coulthart is the proud owner of one of J. F. Moore's best wagons.	90c
Peter Brown has been visiting friends in this berg the past week.	60c
Tom Laffae	

GRAND RAPIDS TRIBUNE.

DRUMB & SUTOR, Publishers.

Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, Wednesday, Nov. 26, 1902.

VOL. XXX, NO. 30

W. Gross & Co.

The Largest Exclusive Grocery
and Flour-Store in Wood County

IN anticipation of a tremendous holiday trade yet to come, we have put in the largest stock of

**Crockery, Lamp Goods
and Glassware**

We ever carried. In **FLOUR** we handle the product of two of the leading mills of Minnesota. With every sack of **OUR** flour goes the **MILL** guarantee, a guarantee as substantial as the Bank of Grand Rapids. Yours for business.

W. GROSS & CO.,

'Phone 341. - - - West Side.

People who are Particular

What They Eat always insist upon having **Dewey, Victoria or Sunbeam Flour.** Bread made from it retains all the elements of the wheat that goes to make brain and strength and has a delicious wheat flavor that is all its own. Sold by all grocers. If not at yours, write the mill.

Grand Rapids Milling Co.

Take Your Choice



We Keep an Assortment

and you can be sure of getting just what you want in the line

Of Building Material.

Kellogg Bros. Lumber Co.

YARDS AT

E. GRAND RAPIDS,

NEKOOSA,

W. GRAND RAPIDS.

WISSMER & PASSER,

Manufacturers of

**HAVANA and
DOMESTIC CIGARS.**

5c—Bell Rose and Cuban Specials.

10c—El Puerto.

In our retail department may be found a full supply of Tobaccos and Cigars, Pipes and Smokers' Supplies. Patronage solicited.

WEST SIDE.

GROSS' OLD STAND.

MET SUDDEN DEATH

SHERIDAN JESSMER THE VICTIM

is Crushed by a Heavy Timber and Lives Only a Few Hours.—Body is Brought Here.

Sheridan Jessmer, who was working in the paper mill of the Flambeau Paper company at Park Falls, was killed on Saturday afternoon last by being crushed beneath a timber which fell upon him. The accident occurred in the afternoon and the injured man lived only a few hours afterward.

Mr. Jessmer had gone to Park Falls only a few weeks ago to assist in putting up the paper machines in the mill, the structure having been destroyed by fire some two years ago and had been rebuilt. Work on the mill was being hurried forward as rapidly as possible and several crews were at work, some of the men being engaged in the basement and others in getting the machines into working order. Mr. Jessmer was with a companion working beside one of the machines and almost directly overhead were some timbers that had been used to lower piping into the basement. One of these timbers had been removed, leaving another in very insecure manner, being held only by a rope.

During the work the rope became shifted or loosened and the timber started to fall. Some of the workmen saw the danger and shouted to the men at the machine. One of the men jumped aside and got out of the way without injury, but Mr. Jessmer had just time to turn his head and see the timber coming when he dodged to one side and his head was caught between the timber and the machine, cutting two ugly gashes, one on the right side and the other on the left. The timber also struck his right leg and crushed it in a horrible manner, so that when he was picked up by his companions there was no doubt in their minds but what he was beyond human aid.

There was found to be life in his body when he was picked up and a message was sent to his wife in this city telling of the accident and summoning her to his bedside. Mrs. Jessmer left the same evening for Park Falls, but arrived too late to see her husband alive.

The body was brought to this city on Monday, being accompanied by Mrs. Jessmer and Rudolph Schneider, the latter being a fellow workman and a member of the Woodmen of the World, of which order Mr. Jessmer was also a member. The funeral was held this morning at 9 o'clock from the Catholic church. Rev. F. Van Roosmalen officiating.

Mr. Jessmer had been a resident of this city for the past six years, having been employed in the Birion paper mill until the strike occurred last spring. He was a man who was well liked by his associates and will be mourned by a large circle of friends. He leaves a father, mother, brother and sister, the latter being residents of Appleton. These were in attendance at the funeral.

Church Dedicated.

The new Lutheran church at Vesper was dedicated on Sunday by some elaborate and impressive ceremonies and a large concourse of people witnessed the ceremonies and heard the sermons. A special train was run from Nekoosa to Vesper, stopping at all of the intermediate points and this carried about two hundred people.

Services were conducted by Rev. J. L. Bittner, pastor of the Lutheran church in this city, assisted by Rev. Baese of Sigel and Rev. Sels of Nekoosa.

The congregation at Vesper have reason to feel proud of the efforts that have built them this new church, as it is only a short time since the first meetings were held at that place and since then all of the money has been raised and the other necessary work done toward erecting their meeting house. They have a very nice church and one that is probably large enough to meet the requirements of the village for some time to come.

Congregational Services.

The subject for discourse at the Congregational church on Sunday morning by Rev. Shaw will be "The Spirit of Religious Inquiry." In the evening there will occur the second of the series of regular musical services to be held in the church the ensuing winter, of which the following is the program:

Piano Voluntary.....Selected Chorus, We Praise Thee, O God.....fr. Rossini

Hymn 633.

Responsive Reading, 2nd Selection.

Contralto Solo.....Miss Reeves

Prayer.....Pastor

Chorus, Gloria in Excelsis.....Schneiders

Announcements.

Collection.....Miss Philpott

Chorus, Appear, Thou Light Divine.....Morrison

Address.....Rev. B. J. H. Shaw

Hymn 64.

Benediction.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Green's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25 cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded. J. E. Daly and Johnson & Hill Co.

To cure a Cold in one Day.

The Laxative BromoQuinine tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

GAME CONFISCATED.

Warden Brown of Pittsville Makes a Big Haul.

Game Warden Brown of Pittsville made a big haul of contraband game here Friday night, securing upward of 400 pounds of partridges, tame geese and saddles of venison, from a Wisconsin Central refrigerator car. One consignment of 250 pounds was addressed to Lepman & Haegge, Chicago. It was shipped from Spencer and was billed as dressed poultry. One barrel had domestic geese at the top and bottom and a cheese box containing 28 partridges in the center. The whole barrel was confiscated because of the presence of the illegal shipment of partridges.

Another consignment of 90 pounds of "dressed poultry" shipped from Colby to T. J. Hohing of Chicago, was likewise found to consist almost wholly of partridges.

The saddles of venison weighed 100 pounds and were of the finest quality. It is said they are selling now at 40 cents a pound in Chicago.

The game confiscated by the warden is sold at the best possible figure and the money turned over to the general office at Madison. The transportation company is given a receipt for the goods when released to the warden. After the game is sold it is tagged with a special card, which shows its contraband character and which removes it from the ban of the law. — Stevens Point Journal.

Sliferland—McGuire.

Quite a surprise was sprung on the young people of the city on Monday morning when the news was spread about town that Will Sliferland had taken unto himself a wife and that the young lady in the transaction was Miss Constance McGuire. Some were skeptical on the subject, but when Will was approached on the matter he acknowledged the card and distributed cigars just as if he was used to being married and really enjoyed it.

The marriage occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dillon Bromley of the west side, and the ceremony was preformed by the Rev. Leopold Kroft, pastor of the Episcopal church, at 6:30 Sundown evening. After the ceremony a supper was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gotke, only the most immediate relatives of the contracting parties being present.

The bride is from Keeserville, N. Y. and is a most estimable young lady and has made many friends since her arrival here last spring. Every body knows W. A. Sliferland, the groom. He is being our efficient and affable assistant postmaster on the east side. Will and his pretty bride have the best wishes of all their many friends and the Tribune wishes them in extending the heartiest congratulations.

May Have Trolley Line

Wausau may have a trolley line in the near future if the plans as now laid out carry through all right. An application has been filed with the city clerk by Neal Brown, A. L. Kreutzer, A. W. Trevitt and Walter Alexander asking for a street railway franchise. They ask for the exclusive right to operate a street railway in the city for an unlimited time, and in return they agree to run cars from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. with a first class equipment.

It would seem that Wausau were large enough to support a trolley line, especially during the summer months when there is more or less doing at the driving park, at which times large crowds would take advantage of the chance to ride to their destination. The line would make Wausau look like a sure enough city, and no mistake.

J. W. Cameron Estate.

The inventory of the appraisers of the estate of the late J. W. Cameron who died suddenly recently was filed in the county court of Milwaukee county last week. The estate aggregates \$385,000, of which \$364,000 is personal property, the largest item of which is the holdings in the Cream City Sash & Door Company amounting to \$153,000. The estate owns \$53,600 of Grand Rapids Pulp and Paper company stock and \$25,000 of stock of the First National bank of this city. The appraisers schedule 100,000 shares of Sierra Madre gold and silver mining stock at a par value of \$1 a share, but no actual valuation is given it. Real estate valued at \$21,000 is located in the Fifteenth ward in Milwaukee and in this city.

Look at Your Label.

The label on your copy of the Tribune will tell you how your subscription account stands on our books. Jan. 1903 means that you are paid up to next January, and January, 1903, that you are about a year behind the procession. Other dates tell their own story. If the date is not right let us know.

Prescription Department.

Chemicals, Drugs, etc., used in this department are of the best, and we guard against every possible error; it's always under our supervision and you may feel satisfied that your prescriptions compounded by us are correct.

OTTO'S PHARMACY.

Notice of Removal.

—Dr. Charles Pomainville has moved his dental parlors into the Pomainville Brick block over Ott's Pharmacy on the west side.

—Go to Johnson & Hill for all kinds of fancy stationery. They have the most complete line in the city.

PRINTING AT HOME.

METHOD ADOPTED BY TRIBUNE

By Which It is Hoped to Give the Readers Better Service.—Other Items About the City.

Commencing with this issue of the Tribune the paper is printed all at home. The use of patent inks has been abandoned, and hereafter whatever appears in the paper will be done right here in the office. We hope that by making this change we will be able to give our readers a better paper than we have been in the past.

There are many times during the year when the advertising patronage has been so great that we have been unable to give our readers the service that they are entitled to and the kind that we should like to, but we feel that with the change now inaugurated we will not be bothered in the future.

The growth of the circulation of the Tribune since the present proprietors took charge of the paper is evidence that the general public appreciates the efforts of the publishers to give them a good weekly paper. Two years and a half ago when the plant was purchased from the former owner there was a total of about 575 subscribers on the mailing list. Today there are over one thousand and the number is creeping along toward the eleven hundred mark. This is not a phenomenal growth, but is a steady and healthy one, and has occurred without the publishers having to give any premium, present or other inducement to get people to subscribe. We do not consider that in saying much in favor of a paper when the publisher has to give away a book or other premium worth \$2.50 in order to get a man to accept his paper and the book both for \$1.50. For this reason we have made the price of the paper \$1.50 a year and have made the price the same for all, so that no man need feel that his neighbor is getting more for his money or getting his paper cheaper than he is.

The matter of changing to home print is a proposition that the proprietors have had in mind some time and although the circulation was not large enough to warrant the change when we first assumed control of the paper, we did say that when our subscription passed the one thousand mark we would give our patrons a home print paper. The one thousand mark was reached and passed sometime last March but a pressure of other business at the time compelled us to postpone the event until things let up a little and gave us a chance to draw a long breath, thinking that there would be the usual dull season during the summer when the change could be made without any inconvenience. The summer, however, proved to be fully as busy as the previous spring, while during the past two months the business in the office has been the largest in our knowledge. Notwithstanding this fact we have succeeded in making the change and have no doubt that it will be appreciated by our customers.

Hamm-Reusch.—Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock occurs the marriage of John Hamm of Rudolph to Miss Tillie Reusch of Altdorf. The ceremony will occur at the Catholic church in this city, Rev. VanRoosmalen officiating. The bride will be attended by her sister, Miss Clara Reusch, and Albert Hamm, brother of the groom will act as best man. After the ceremony the party will go to the home of the groom's parents in Rudolph, where a wedding dinner will be served to the immediate friends of the family. Both of the young people are well known in this locality, having lived in this section the greater part of their lives, the groom being the son of Frank Hamm, of the town of Rudolph and the bride the daughter of Fred Reusch, one of the prosperous farmers of Altdorf. The young couple will make their home in this city during the coming winter, after which they expect to remove to Rudolph, where Mr. Hamm owns a farm and has a fine house in course of construction. The Tribune joins with their many friends in wishing them happiness and hoping that they may enjoy a long and prosperous wedded life.

Broke the Record.—County Clerk Renne has this year issued about fifteen hundred hunting licenses, which is away ahead of anything that has been done in this line heretofore. There has hardly been a day since the hunting season opened that there has not been a grist of this work to do, and on a few occasions Mr. Renne has come down from his home late at night to issue a license to some belated individual who had forgotten to procure a license but did not want to start out next morning until he had got one.

Invented New System.—For some time past F. C. Adams, who has been running the dressmaking school in this city, has been at work on a new system for cutting ladies' garments. He now has the system complete and most of the work done preparatory to starting classes on his method of cutting. He has taught his system to several parties and it is expected that they will start on the work of instruction about the 1st of December. Mr. Adams has his method copyrighted.

Dances for All.—There should be no complaint on Thanksgiving about anyone not being able to find a dance to go to. There will be one at the Opera house with music furnished by the full brass band under the leadership of Emil Lambert, and at the Forester hall there will be another at which the New Monarch orchestra will play.

A Peculiar Pet.—J. G. Leonard has a tame wolf which he recently secured in Sheboygan, which makes quite a unique pet. The animal is a yellowish gray with the hair heavily tipped with black, and resembles a Scotch Collie so closely both in size, color and appearance that it would never be suspected of being a wolf if it was seen running loose about the street. The animal is apparently tame as any dog and enjoys being petted and fondled as well.

A Pleasant Evening.—A charming musical was given at the home of James McCarthy on Friday evening by the pupils of Miss Edith Lynn. They were assisted in the work by Miss Ethel Yout and the members of the High school orchestra. A very pleasant evening was spent and the work done by the pupils reflected great credit upon Miss Lynn and her ability as an instructor.

A Bright Entertainment.—The entertainment of a musical and literary nature given at the Methodist church on Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Lee R. Gridley was greatly appreciated by the audience that assembled to hear it. Mr. Gridley played some fine selections on the mandolin, banjo and guitar, and Mrs. Gridley certainly has no peer as an imitator of bird music.

Change in Location.—Dr. Charles Pomainville has removed his dental parlors to the west side and now occupies rooms in the Pomainville block over Ott's Pharmacy. He has had a couple of the front rooms fixed up especially for the purpose and now has a very pleasant apartment.

Dislocated a Hip.—The infant son of Joseph Dupree, aged a year and a half, dislocated a hip on Thursday while at play. A surgeon fixed the boy up and while he suffered considerable pain it is not considered that there will be any evil effects from the hurt.

Farmers Institute.—The Tribune is in receipt of the schedule of farmers institutes for the coming winter and the only institute that will be held in Wood county is the closing institute which occurs at Marsfield on the 17th, 18th and 29th of March, 1903.

Died.—Mrs. Helen Crosby Taylor, a colored woman living on the west side, died Saturday night after a short illness, cause of death being acute brights disease. The woman was 56 years old and the body was taken to St. Paul for burial.

Union Services.—On Thursday evening a union service will be held in the Congregational church for the Methodist and Congregational congregations. Rev. W. A. Peterson of the M. E. church will preach.

A Good Show.—The Pedlers Claim, which was presented at the Opera house on Tuesday evening was pronounced by theater goers to be a good show and worth more patronage than it received.

GOOD GOODS

FETTERED BY FATE

BY ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

"Jellette's Fate," "Little Sweetheart," "Lettie, the Sewing Girl," "Goldmaker of Lisbon," "Wedded to Win," "Diana Thorpe," "Nora's Legacy," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Captain Grant—as we may still call the man of many names, in order to distinguish him from his cousin, Roger Darrel—had proved his boldness by remaining in the vicinity when everything seemed to indicate that hasty flight would be the most beneficial to his interests.

He seemed completely environed by foes, and no matter which way he turned, it did seem as though he was bound to meet some enemy, but he only shut his teeth harder and determined to beat them all yet.

There were several important things that menaced him about which he knew nothing. The first of these was the escape of Nora Warner for the second time from the mad house, and the fact that she and brave Jack, who loved her so well that he was ready to die in her service, were even then closing in upon the man upon whom both had sworn a mighty oath to be avenged.

Then, again, there was another little fact of which the Captain was ignorant—the restoration of the Russian detective to life. He had not the least idea in the wide world but that the fellow had been dead in the chimney for days; and, not knowing that the old mill was occupied, and haunted by fear lest his secret should become known, should any one by accident discover the body of the man-tracker, who might be readily recognized as the person with whom he had left Richmond Terrace on the night when his marriage had been so abruptly broken off by the flight of Carol, assisted by valiant Roger, he was even now on his way to the old mill with the full intention of forever hiding the body of the slain detective—for he was absolutely positive the man was dead—from the view of mankind.

He had started out with a trowel and some lime, intending to make some mortar and brick up the hole in the chimney through which he had dropped the body, but when he came to think it all over, there were several objections to this plan.

In the first place, any parties visiting the mill through idle curiosity as they were liable to do any day, and this it was that had urged him on to the step he was about to take—could not but notice the difference in the mortar; the patch would be plainly seen, and their curiosity so excited that nothing would do but an examination, when the truth would be speedily disclosed.

This had so disgusted him that he had hurled the trowel and little sack of lime into the bushes, and was about to turn back when he suddenly became seized with a brilliant idea.

So stupendous was this new thought, coming after his late defeat, that he became excited, and, losing no time, at once recommenced his walk toward the mill.

It was far into the night, and the bright stars looked down from above as though rebuking the dark thoughts that had been engendered in his brain.

His new scheme, which had appeared to him as one well calculated to bring success with it, was to tear down the chimney, remove the body to some other part of the mill where it would get the full benefit of his further actions, and then gathering combustibles about the dead man, set fire to the old mill. The great structure would burn like tinder, and his secret would be well kept.

Full of this idea, he hurried along the path he had taken on that other night, when with such Herculean strength he had borne the body of the detective from the spot where he had struck him down, to the denser forest where he had afterward brought his horse to bear the body to the mill.

If he could dispose of the detective's body one great object would be accomplished. He felt that when he struck the man-tracker down to death he had accomplished much, for in spite of his nonchalance in his presence he had feared this man like poison. When this work was accomplished he could turn upon his other foes one by one and demolish them.

Filled with these thoughts he hurried on through the gloomy forest. The mill was quite a distance away, and yet he took no note of the passage of time, and was so engrossed in his various schemes that almost before he was aware of the fact the old building loomed up before him.

To the surprise of the Captain he saw lights in two different parts of the mill; one on the lower floor remote from the place where the body had been concealed, the other higher up in a sort of loft, formerly used by the miller for some purpose.

The first he could comprehend, for he remembered hearing that an old woman had been known to inhabit the wing of the mill for some years past, but what the other meant he had not the remotest idea.

Then a sudden fear assailed his heart—what if the evidence of his crime had already been discovered?

Whatever lay in his past, this man was not a coward, so far as brute courage was concerned, but this was the first time his soul had been struck with actual murder, and he quivered with horror at the thought of the doom awaiting him should his crime be detected and brought home to him.

Soon the reaction came, and with it a determination to climb up and see who it was that occupied the strong room of the dead miller.

This was easily done, for a tree grew close beside the building, and all that was necessary for him to do was to draw himself up among the branches of this trunk. He came on a line with the little window from whence the light proceeded. No sooner did this idea enter his head than he hastened to put it into execution.

To climb the tree was an easy task, and in a very few minutes his head was on a level with the window. When his eyes fell upon the occupant of the little chamber his form seemed to turn into ice, such was the cold wave that shot through his frame, and from his lips, trembling with sudden fear, there fell the words:

"It's his spirit!"

He was gazing upon his last victim—the Russian detective, whose heart his murderous knife had sought.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Perhaps the man in the tree may have,

the foreign agent, who was panting heavily.

"I mean that we are locked in here, and the old mill is on fire. Under the door, even now you can see an increasing light. Listen, and you will hear the voices of the fire fiends. We are doomed!"

"This is your work, demon!" ejaculated the detective, jumping up and vainly rattling the door.

"I acknowledge it, but I have been caught in my own trap," answered the miserable Captain.

To their ears now came a low, muttering sound, like increasing thunder. It was the savage flames eating their way upward, roaring, dancing and shooting wildly, this way and that, as they rapidly enveloped the whole of the doomed building.

(To be continued.)

INGENIOUS BROOKLYN THIEVES.

Enter Buildings in Hollow Lounges and Rifle at Leisure.

Thieves in Brooklyn nowadays are not only industrious, but ingenious. A truck was driven recently to the home of a woman living in Ocean Hill early in the afternoon. A suave young man in charge of it said, addressing the woman by name, that her husband had ordered a lounge to be sent to her, and wished to deliver it. The woman declared that her husband had told her nothing about it, and that it must be a mistake. The young man insisted, however, that it was no mistake; that the lounge had been paid for, and he wished to obey instructions by delivering it. The woman, in the circumstances, thought it might be all right, especially as there was nothing to pay, and allowed the young man and his assistant to bring the lounge into the house and place it in the hall. After they left she went upstairs.

About ten minutes those tiger eyes were glued upon the detective. Then the soldier began to descend the tree with the agility and the noiselessness of a cat. Once upon the ground he stood and shook his fist upward, muttering low words which contained terrible threats. Turning which he vanished from view among the trees beyond the mill, and in about the same place as where the two women had seen him disappear on that other evening, when they could not tell whether it was Roger Darrel or some one else, the two men being of the same build and the atmosphere deceptive.

A couple of hours later Captain Grant once more appeared upon the scene. In his hand he carried a large can of coal oil, stolen from some neighboring farm house. His object was apparent—he intended to destroy the mill by fire after all, and if the thing were possible get rid of the detective at the same time.

For some time he glided about in the lower part of the mill. Not a light was to be seen, for Carol had retired to her room in the dwelling and her mother had closed the blinds in the lower story so that she might be undisturbed in her occupation of reading old letters from her husband.

The Captain used a dark lantern, and in a short time had everything arranged. A slow march was ignited that would take a certain length of time to burn, and during this time he meant to secure the detective in his room. Escape by means of the window was out of the question, for it was only a small bull's-eye opening, and even a much more slender man than the Russian detective would have had trouble in passing through it.

Up the stairs crept the would-be murderer with the stealth of a burglar. His ears were on the alert for any sound, but nothing was to be heard save the heavy breathing of the sleeper in the little room.

All this while the slow match he had ignited down below was slowly creeping toward the oil saturated rags and chips, which once blazing nothing could extinguish.

Captain Grant little knew what danger he was incurring, and the terrible trap he was about to enter.

EVERYBODY HAD TO SNEEZE.

Queer Scene When Pepper Flew in Windows of Elevated Train.

"A-chew!" "A-chew!"

It was in the last car of a Sixth avenue elevated train speeding between Grand and Bleecker streets the other afternoon. The car was crowded, and a portly, prosperous-looking gentleman sounded the first note of alarm. Every other man in the car laughed—for a minute—and slyly sized up the portly man with a quizzical glance, inspired by the suspicion that he had been "taking something."

A statuesque blond young woman, smartly gowned, directed attention to herself by emitting an unmistakable "A-chew!" and everybody in the car looked at her. She flushed and turned to look out of the window. She sneezed three times in succession. But there was no laughing this time, because every man in the car, and woman, too, for that matter, was doubled over in a paroxysm of sneezing.

The two of them went over with a crash, locked in a deadly embrace, and upon the door there ensued a terrible struggle. Each man put forth his best efforts, and had the detective been fully well he would have had but little difficulty in mastering the other, for he was a man of wonderful physique, but the recent cowardly blow received from this selfsame man had weakened his frame considerably, so that he had all he could do to equal the fierce endeavors made by Captain Grant to overcome him.

They managed in some unaccountable manner to gain their feet, and, like a couple of giants, swayed to and fro, as if they were two reeds bending in the breeze.

"Wonder what's the matter?" said the portly man.

"Pepper," replied a man who said he was in the spice business.

"But how'd it get in the car?" persisted the portly man.

"Came in through the windows," said the spice man.

"They're all over the place," said the portly man.

"A-chew!" "A-chew!"

Even the guard on the platform joined in the chorus that came from every seat. Twenty men "a-chewed" at the same time.

"A highly nitrogenous ration during the summer or molting season is recommended.

Grapes In Western Oregon.

Those varieties of grapes which the experience of the past ten or twelve years in particular has shown to be especially suited to the conditions of western Oregon, as Concord, Worden, Moore (Moore's Early), Diamond (Moore's Diamond), Niagara and Isabella, are all varieties developed from *Vitis labrusca*, while Delaware, which also does well in many localities, is a variety of *Vitis aestivalis*. Of the above varieties Isabella is the one planted by the pioneers and first settlers. There is scarcely a locality in which one cannot find this variety growing.

Doubling the Nitrogen In Grass.

Experiments at the Storrs station for increasing protein show that by the use of nitrogenous fertilizers one can not only get an increase in quantity, but an increase in the proportion of nitrogen in grasses, wheat, oats and corn. This is very important to dairymen and helps to solve the problem of how to produce the protein which they need. The use of 250 to 300 pounds nitrate of soda per acre on grass land has been found to almost double the amount of nitrogen in the plant—American Agriculturist.

The Usual Thing.

I shot an arrow into the air;

It fell to earth—I knew not where—

Until a neighbor set up a bow!

Because I'd killed a favorite fowl.

Packing Fruit For Cold Storage.

Present methods of packing fruit are far too crude for the exacting requirements of cold storage. The Kansas station declares that 95 per cent of the peaches that come to market are roughly handled and unsafe to put in storage even for a few days.

FARM & GARDEN

TOBACCO TOOLS.

A Good Homemade Cutter and Stripping Table For Quick Work.

Fig. 1 shows a good tobacco cutter. Take an old hoe, twist the socket half way around, put in a fourteen or eighteen inch handle, and you will have one as can be proud of.

Before the stripping season is upon us we should examine our stripping

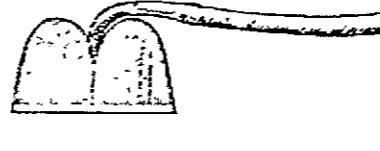


FIG. I—TOBACCO CUTTER.

room and see if our tables are all right, so that we will be able to push the work. I have shown a good, handy and serviceable one in Fig. 2.

The frame is made from 1 by 4 inch boards nailed together. It should be three feet wide and as long as the room will permit. The top is made of wire netting, same as is used for poultry—1½ inch mesh. At the back are two hinges to fasten to the wall. When the season is over, you can remove the legs which are put on with hinges.

Tobacco cut in August or September should be lit to be "taken down" in

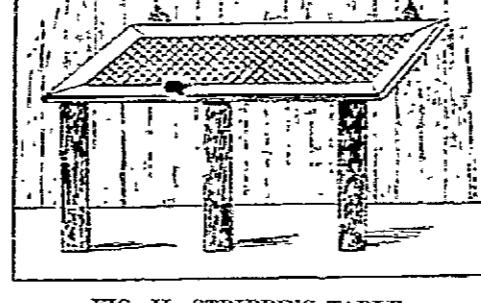


FIG. II—STRIPPING TABLE.

December if the weather has been favorable for the curing of the crop. It is ready to strip as soon as the leaf is cured and stem is free from sap.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

POULTRY POINTS.

Stray Bits of Experience in Feeding From Various Experimenters.

A test of wheat versus corn gave results in favor of wheat for egg production. In the case of Leghorn pullets the addition of dried blood to the ration considerably increased the egg yield. With Plymouth Rock pullets no effect was noticed on the yearly egg record. With both breeds the lots receiving dried blood began laying earlier than those to which it was not fed.

An unlimited supply of sweet skim-milk can apparently be given to chickens with advantage, but sour milk must be fed with caution.

It is very important that the dishes from which milk is fed should be cleaned often and scalded occasionally.

Close confinement and lack of variety of food, especially such as is rich in nitrogen, are conditions likely to bring on feather eating.

No advantage was derived in using hot water for moistening food for chicks.

In a comparative trial of animal meal and fresh bone the better results were obtained by the use of bone. In two following tests the result was exactly reversed.

Wild onions imparted odor to the eggs.

Skimmilk is especially valuable for young chicks in hot, dry weather.

By the comparison of a nitrogenous and a carbonaceous ration for laying hens it was found that the fowls were heavier and the eggs more fertile by the use of the nitrogenous and, although this cost more, it resulted the more profitably.

Dried blood used with grain and green food gave better results than either ox liver or green cut bone.

Finely ground grain gave better results than coarse cracked grain for young chicks.

A highly nitrogenous ration during the summer or molting season is recommended.

Budding Cherries.

Nurserymen bud cherries toward the close of summer, before the sap ceases to flow, yet not too early in the season. In this state it is sometimes the middle of August, but all depends on the season. If budded while the shoots are growing strongly, it is not as likely to be successful as if done later. At the same time, if too late, the bark cannot be lifted for the insertion of the bud.—Joseph Meehan in Philadelphia Practical Farmer.

How to Cure Halter Pulling.

Almost every one who has had much to do with horses has had one or more animals who would pull at the halter. Sometimes they are so bad that no ordinary halter will hold them. If you can find a halter strong enough, it is a pretty good remedy to hitch a young horse who has this fault to a strong post and let him hang himself up till he gets tired of it.

One horseman recommends for a halter pulling horse that a long halter

SQUASH BUG IN SUMMER.

Hand Picking Becomes Difficult, and Spraying is a Relief.

In some regions, and among them New Hampshire, the squash bug has become one of the most notable insect pests of the past season or two. Messrs. Weed and Conradi of that state have been considering its many dark and devious ways and would treat it as follows during the summer: As the season advances the combating of the pest becomes a more difficult problem. The full grown bugs have laid eggs early in the season. These hatch and the young nymphs are less conspicuous than the adult. At this time bugs of all sizes are present in greater or less numbers.

NO. 1. Five lots, together with house, barn and wagon shed in Lyon's addition. House 16x16, another 16x20, both 10-foot posts; six rooms and 8-foot square hall; finished throughout; stone foundation and good cellar. House insured for \$200; barn for \$80. This place is a decent bargain at \$1,425 and will be sold as a whole or in parts.

NO. 2. Two lots, each 66x122 feet, in Harris addition. House 16x16, front porch; nine rooms; six rooms and down stairs; dining room and kitchen have hardwood floors; parlor and bedroom finished in oil; electric lights. This is a well built house and a bargain at \$1,500.

NO. 3. One acre on west side, with a good 12x16, four room house at \$800.

NO. 4. One acre on west side with a good 12x16, five room house at \$800.

FOUR LETTERS AND A POSTSCRIPT

[Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson.]
Miss Patricia Douglas to her dearest
friend, Miss Nellie Taylor:

Longhurst-on-the-Sea, July 13.
Dear Girlie—To think that just one year ago you and I were having such times here together and now you are actually working in noisy, dusty New York! Perhaps you are somewhat consoled by the fact that every one thinks you tremendously clever and good to help your father in his hour of trouble, but I should think, my dear, that business and all that sort of thing would be such a bore to a woman.

Of course you want to know about everything and everybody. Well, it's the same old place and very nearly the same old crowd, particularly the men, who are distressingly few and far between. You remember that stupid little Jimmy Barton we enjoyed snubbing last season? He's quite the go this year. Even the shape of his nose has changed a bit, and he has a perfect love of an automobile. I've had several spins with him already. I'm so glad I bought that red coat. It makes a stunning contrast to his dark green auto.

It was lucky I brought my golf clubs and suit, for the links are in splendid form, and Jack Ferris, the crack golfer, is here. He says my shots are very clever for a woman. I am not sure about the shots, but I know that little frilled sunbonnet is so becoming. And Jack Ferris has eyes for something above golf balls.

I found that out last night when we sat out two waiters in the tinner corner of the porch. Remember the tinner corner, Nell? I thought you would. You've been there often enough, dear knows. I wore my green crepe. It might have been the soft green against my white shoulders, or the moonlight on the water, or the Mexican waltzes the orchestra played, but Jack certainly did lose his head. I was so shocked, for of course he knows of my engagement to Ned. But, then, men who are perfectly sane in town during the winter season will do such things under a summer moon, especially if the moon goes behind a cloud.

By the way, in his letter today Ned says that he cannot take his vacation this month. I know the dear fellow is so disappoined. He had planned on being here with me, don't you know. Well, be as kind to him, Nell, as you can be and console him in my absence. You'll find him the best of company on all occasions. De-votedly,

PATTY.
Miss Nellie Taylor to her dearest friend, Miss Patricia Douglas:

Platt Building, Wall Street,
New York, July 15.

My Dear Patty—Your newsy letter did make me think longingly of old times for a minute or two; but, after all, New York's not half bad in summer. For me it is like looking at a new side of life. The offices during the day are breezy and cool, and at night mother has all sorts of ridiculous surprises concocted for me. She has turned the roof into a miniature summer garden after the household column of any old ladies' journal. There are easy chairs, tables, shadowy cozy corners, palms and rubbernecks; no, I mean plants. I am becoming shockingly slanty since I came down on the street. We spend most of our evenings on the roof. Ned has been up several times, and we like him. He brings his guitar—you never told me he played—and what with his music and my singing the popular songs of the real roof gardens and mother mixing delicious punch we imagine we are quite giddy.

Last evening Ned took mother and me to one of the continuous houses. Such a lark! And tonight we are going to Manhattan Beach. It is great fun, after all, to feel that you are a part of the great masses, as the politicians put it, and cannot leave town the whole summer long.

Of course I will do my best to console Ned while you are away. But you must remember this is not Longhurst-on-the-Sea. I have only evenings, Saturday afternoons and Sundays at my own disposal. Write me all the news. I do enjoy it, and so does mother. Yours lovingly, NELL.

Miss Patricia Douglas to her fiance Mr. Ned Goodfellow:

Longhurst-on-the-Sea, July 24.
Dear Mr. Goodfellow—I am sending you today your letters, ring and photographs. I am convinced that our engagement has been a mistake. I have always held that people to be happily married must have congenial tastes—in fact, must be perfect affinities. Clearly you and I do not come in the above class. You will believe that I am breaking our engagement for your happiness as well as my own. There are so many charming girls, and men are so easily consoled. Yours sincerely,

PATRICIA DOUGLAS.

Sent by messenger from Mr. Ned Goodfellow to Miss Nellie Taylor:

Room 4, Bowring Green, Aug. 1.
My Darling Nell—My Nell! How jolly good that sounds! I'm sending you a few roses. Put them on your desk, where they will remind you of me every minute in the day. I shall be up early this evening to bring—can you guess what? It's a solitaire, dearest, the best I dared to buy, but not half good enough for the bravest, sweetest girl in the world. Over and over I catch myself wondering how I could ever think any other girl worth noticing. Bless this happy summer in town! It has brought me the greatest treasure in the world, my affinity. Imagine finding one's affinity in Wall street! How ridiculous—and how delightful! Yours always, NED.

Special correspondence to the Comet from Longhurst-on-the-Sea:

Aug. 4.
The golf links are responsible for the romance of the season at this popular resort. Today every one is talking of the engagement of Jack Ferris, the crack golfer, to Patty Douglas, who for two seasons has been a belle at Longhurst. Jack Ferris holds not only some enviable golf scores and trophies, but he also has the inside track for the Roxsome millions on his mother's side. Miss Douglas, though an enthusiastic golfer, has made no particularly good scores until she executed this brilliant little stroke in the game commonly called hearts.

JANE MEDEDITH.

Waterproof Glue.
To make waterproof glue, soak it in water until softened thoroughly, but preserve the shape. Heat slowly in linseed oil until dissolved, then mix thoroughly. To make fireproof glue, pour water over good glue and let it remain over night, then slowly melt and add white lead to make the right consistency. This will withstand fire, but not boiling water. To fasten labels to tin, take good yellow glue, break it into small pieces, cover with water and leave three or four hours. Pour off the water, place the glue in a wide mouthed bottle or pint can and cover with acetic acid. Set in warm water until dissolved and incorporate the two by stirring.

THE AFFAIR OF BUNKER, THE BOOKKEEPER

The boys in the broker's office always had made a butt of Bunker. Bunker was the bookkeeper, taciturn and rather solemn looking at all times. The boys called him "the old man." Bunker was forty, and "the boys" were twenty-one or thereabouts. All sorts of jokes were played on old Bunker, but he never showed the slightest sign of resentment. If any of the shafts of weak witticisms which were hurled at him day in and day out pricked, there was no wincing. The cubs finally came to the conclusion that Bunker was dense physically and mentally. How this may have been nobody perhaps but Bunker himself knew definitely, but he was a good bookkeeper, and that was as far as the real old man of the office cared to inquire.

The office was on the twelfth floor, and its windows looked out over the roof of a low building and stared into the twelfth story windows of a big building just beyond. Teddy Long, the office masher, had a desk at one window. Teddy frequently was more occupied with the office behind the windows in the twelfth story of the building beyond than he was with the business in his own office. It was a law firm that held the premises opposite, and the lawyers were known to the boys in the broker's office for the frequency with which they changed their typewriting staff. About once a month a new face, and always a pretty one, would appear in front of the machine back of the legal windows. One morning Teddy Long cast his eyes across the way, and there he saw a new face behind the big window pane. As he told the other boys a few minutes after, this new face had all the others that had gone before "beat to death."

"She's a daisy, fellows," said Teddy. "When you get a chance, go to the window and shy a look over there. She's got black hair, snapping eyes, red cheeks and a daisy figure."

She decided to have the skirt cleaned and packing it into a bundle, tripped off to an establishment where she found embarrassment because she could not understand questions. Finally she got the drift of the conversation. The cleaners wanted to know what had caused the spot. Fortunately a bottle of shoe blacking was standing near by, and she pointed at this and "ould" and "ould" until she left in heightened spirits, feeling that she was not helpless and that she had made the cleaners understand. When the skirt was duly returned the following week, it was dyed black.—New York Tribune.

HER FRENCH A FAILURE.

The Tragedy of a Blacking Bottle
In the Latin Quarter.

She was spending her first month in the Latin quarter of Paris. She spoke English fluently, with a Boston accent; also she spoke German, could make a fair stagger at Italian and knew a few words of Hindoo-stanee, but of French not a syllable.

One morning she found herself in a wrestling match with a bottle of French shoe blacking. The pesky bot, the understanding that it had to deal with an alien, refused to give up its cork. She had no corkscrew of her own and did not know how to ask for one, even if she dared suspect that her next door neighbor might be possessed of the luxury. The tine of her pet fork she had bent on the obstinate plug, the point of her best penknife she had broken off short, and nothing remained except to throw the bottle out of a window to get at its contents. She decided as a last resort to try breaking the neck off the bottle. With a "stove lid lifter" she administered several cautious taps in the region of the jugular of the obstinate neck. "Nothin' doin'." Then she tapped harder still, and the blacking came. All over her fingers it came, all over her light woolen skirt and over much of the floor and window sill.

She decided to have the skirt cleaned and packing it into a bundle, tripped off to an establishment where she found embarrassment because she could not understand questions. Finally she got the drift of the conversation. The cleaners wanted to know what had caused the spot. Fortunately a bottle of shoe blacking was standing near by, and she pointed at this and "ould" and "ould" until she left in heightened spirits, feeling that she was not helpless and that she had made the cleaners understand. When the skirt was duly returned the following week, it was dyed black.—New York Tribune.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

Breton sheep are not much larger than a fair sized hare.

The mandarin duck is one of the most beautiful of aquatic birds.

The queen is always at the mercy of the bees and is a slave instead of a ruler.

A beetle one-third the size of a horse would be able to pull against more than a dozen horses.

The greyhound, which can cover a mile in a minute and twenty-eight seconds, is the fastest of quadrupeds.

The giraffe, armadillo and porcupine have no vocal cords and are therefore mute. Whales and serpents are also voiceless.

The glowworm lays eggs which are themselves luminous. However, the young hatched from them are not possessed of those peculiar properties until after the first transformation.

To escape from dangers which menace them starfishes commit suicide. This instinct of self destruction is found only in the highest and lowest scales of animal life.

Hebridean Proverbs.

The daily talk of the Hebrideans has a shrewd picturesqueness. "Let the loan go laughing home," they say. That is, "Be careful of whatever you have borrowed."

If a person were to be met coldly on going to a friend's house, he would say:

"The shore is the same, but the shell-fish is not the same."

The impossible is denoted by "blackberries in midwinter and sea gulls' eggs in autumn."

"Better thin kneading than to be empty." That is, "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

"The man who is idle will put the cats on the fire."

"He that does not look before him will look behind him."

"A house without a dog, without a cat, without a little child, is a house without pleasure and without laughter."

Homes in Italy.

Speaking of homes and ways of living, Mr. Luigi Villari in "Italian Life In Town and Country" reveals a curious state of affairs. In Italian cities there are no slum districts. The poorest of the poor may be lodged in the same palace with people whose income runs over \$25,000 annually. The poor are packed away in the garrets or in the cellars, to be sure, and their misery must be rendered all the more acute by the sight and scent of such lavish living. High class Italians have no objections whatever to dwelling over a shop or place of business.

Forgot Himself.

Mrs. Henpeck—We've bin married twenty years today, Hiram.

Hiram (with a sigh)—Yes, fer twenty years we've fought.

Mrs. Henpeck (scowling)—What? You old wretch!

Hiram (quickly)—Life's battles together, Mirandy—Judge.

Too Valuable to Lose.

Mr. Grogan—Sure, Moike, an' what did rez do wit' yure dorg?

Mike—Oh, be wuz wort' \$10 an' Oi keep' t'inkin' if some wan sb'd stale um Oi could ill afford th' loss, so Oi gave um away, b'gorra!—Chicago News.

Awfully Benighted.

Dasherly—is he so very ignorant?

Flasherly—Ignorant? Why, actually, he doesn't even know a cure for colds!

—Kansas City Independent.

I wonder why it is we are not all kinder than we are. How easily it is done! How instantaneously it acts! How infallibly it is remembered!

Drummond.

Heineman Merc. Co's Store

The Popular Trading Emporium

Is making very extensive preparations for the Holiday season by increasing their stock in every department. Their trade has grown to such an extent that they feel confident that they are warranted in putting in a fine line of goods, suitable for Holiday Gifts, in addition to their regular stock which of course always contains a good supply of everything nice, new and seasonable. You of course know what that means, as the store has already gained the reputation as being "Fashions First Landing Place", and in order to keep this reputation it keeps our buyer on the alert for everything new that comes into the market and by getting these new and nobby up-to-date goods and buying often and in small quantities is the secret of our success.

We buy no job lots or bankrupt stocks therefore we own and show the cleanest stock of merchandise in this section. The following goods can be found in our dress goods department:

Ladies' Neckwear

A beautiful line just from the eastern markets, always the newest, found here.

Shirt Waists

Velvet, flannel and silk. The "Perfection" line is found only at our store and a nicer line can not be found in the city. They are rightly named as they fit perfect and range in price from \$5.50 down to 50c each.

Inspect the Line,

Linen Dep't.

This department was never more complete. All grades of table damask in white and colors. Napkins from \$4.50 per dozen down to 75 cents. Fancy towels and scarfs hemstitched, fringed and drawn work, a fine selection from which to choose. We show a beautiful bleached towel 36x22 inches knotted fringe for 25 cents.

A Hummer

See Our Lace Curtains

See our gloves, kid and golf, a fine assortment

Fancy Goods

In china and novelties we have received our second shipment China, so great has been the demand the goods range in prices from \$3.00 down to 25 cents each any article of which would make a beautiful Xmas gift. Inspect this line before buying.

Fur Dept.

Fine new Seal and Astrachan jackets, fine Astrachan capes. Neck scarfs in Fox, Bear, Water-mink and Opossum, Black and Brown Martin, Beaver and Nutria. A fine gift for your wife, mother, sister or best girl. Also have the collars with storm collar.

Gent's Furnishings

Our stock of these goods is complete, underwear, shirts, neckwear, hose, sweaters, gloves, mittens, trunks, satchels and telescopes, etc.

Miscellaneous

In stamped linens, pillow tops, battenburg patterns, embroidery silks, fancy cords and tassels for pillows. Ribbons already shirred for pillows. This department has special attention.

Shoes, rubbers, and all kinds of foot wear for men, women and children. If you want good goods in this line call here, as we buy only good reliable goods that we can guarantee.

Thanking you for past favors and hoping to receive a good share of your trade in the future we are always

Yours for Business

HEINEMAN MERC. CO.

I. Baruch, Res. Mgr.

East Side.

Grand Rapids, Wis.

THE NEW TAILOR.

I am now prepared to do all kinds of tailoring, at very reasonable prices. Cleaning and repairing neatly done. I solicit your patronage. Very Respectfully,

T. J. RIEMAN,

TAILOR, GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

ATTEND WILLIAMS'

Business College

TRIAL MONTH FREE,
THREE MONTHS \$3.00.

OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN.

Grand Rapids Tribune

BY DRUMS & SUTOR.

Grand Rapids, Wis., Nov. 26, 1902

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year..... \$1.50
Six Months..... 75

Thanksgiving Day.

To-morrow is one of the most widely observed holidays of this great American nation, that of Thanksgiving day. Different sects and different nationalities have various methods of observing the day, but it is all to the same end and there are very few at this age of progress who have enjoyed the benefits of a free country for any length of time who do not make some effort to observe the day. With some it is a season of prayer and carries with it a very sacred feeling, while with others it takes more of the features of a jollification and a good time with something unusual in the line of eating. Those who have a pious bent naturally look upon those of the other nationality with aversion and claim they are doing anything but giving thanks for benefits received at the hands of an all-wise Providence, while those of a convivial nature feel that the long-faced individual has a very poor way of showing that he is glad he is alive. But there are two sides to every story and who is going to be the judge of mankind and tell which is the nearer right. Everybody should be able to find something to be thankful for, and should be able to impress on the minds of little ones that there are many things in this world that one may be happy over, even though they are but little things that go to make up everyday life of the average mortal. During the past year we have passed through a siege of small pox, and epidemic of scarlet fever and had a mad dog scare, and still there are a few of us left to tell the story and we should appreciate the fact and make the most of it. If you have nothing to be thankful for yourself try to do something to make your neighbor happy and then maybe you will begin to more fully appreciate the blessings of this sphere on which we spend so short a time.

CARRIE NATION was in Milwaukee last week and she had a varied experience while there. She made a speech in a bar room, was doused with cold seltzer water when she went to enter a saloon, and the Sentinel stated that she had taken a drink of whiskey. Mrs. Nation denies this latter charge, however, and braids the Sentinel as an unmitigated liar for making such a statement. She says she never drank anything in a barroom, not even water, and says there is no foundation for the statement that she drank a concoction containing whiskey. She got the seltzer water in the face when she attempted to enter a saloon, the proprietor meeting her at the door and soaping her and her escort with the stuff. It was ice cold and Carrie backed out and continued her way. Taken altogether Mrs. Nation does not think much of Milwaukee, and it is apparent that the natives of Milwaukee do not think any too much of her. Her visit there was cut short by the receipt of the intelligence of the death of her brother and she left for Kansas City.

Married.

Mr. Charles Peter and Miss Martha Mundt, both of the city of Grand Rapids, were joined in matrimony on the 20th day of November 1902, at 1:30 P. M. by Judge W. H. Gets, who tied the matrimonial knot. After which the newly married couple took a Green Bay train for a visit to Stevens Point. Mr. Peter is one of our home boys, and gave the judge notice that when they returned all he had to do was to light a fire in the stove and was ready to go to house keeping as he had his house all furnished for the occasion. Mr. Peter is employed in the Grand Rapids table factory of this city. He is an industrious young man. May they ever live a life of happiness together is the wish of their friends.

In the city of Grand Rapids on the 21st day of November 1902, Mr. Nick Dorenek and Miss Anna Venie, both of the town of Rudolph, Justice W. H. Gets performing the ceremony at his office. Mr. Dorenek is a farmer of Rudolph where they will make their future home.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the county clerk during the past week:

Edward Fry and Minnie Arnet both of Marshfield.

Wm. Stamm and Louise Plahmer both of Grand Rapids.

A. C. Otto's Opening.

A. C. Otto held a formal opening of his drug store on Wednesday and Thursday of last week and it was a brilliant success from start to finish. The store was nicely decorated so that with the handsome furnishing it presented a most striking appearance. There was a large attendance of people both days and all who came were presented with a souvenir bookmark of aluminum. Music was furnished by Misses Nellie Steib and Nellie Schnabel, which was no small feature of the entertainment. Over nine hundred people registered, besides which there were a large number who did not do so, and it is probable that there were something like twelve hundred people visited the store in the two days.

Mr. Otto will hold a children's day on Friday, November 29th, when all the little ones are invited to come to the store and see what Mr. Otto can do for them in the way of making them happy for a few minutes. All the little folks are invited and don't forget the date, the day after Thanksgiving.

Low rates account Live Stock Exposition at Chicago. On Nov. 29, Dec. 1, 2, and 3 the A. C. & St. P. R. Co. will sell tickets to Chicago and return at \$1.50, return limit Dec. 5.

Show It to Your Friends.

This week there are being issued a few extra copies of the Tribune which will be sent to parties in and out of the city who are not subscribers to the paper but who should become such as soon as possible. During the past two and one-half years we have almost doubled our circulation in spite of the fact that numerous exchanges and others who had been getting the paper for nothing have been cut off, and we consider that we feel justified in expecting the increase to continue. If you do not get the paper and feel that you would like a local sheet that gives a good weekly news service, send in your name and have it entered on the list of the Tribune subscribers. If you come in now and pay \$1.50 in advance we will credit you up to the 1st of January, 1904. This of course applies to new subscribers. Two weeks hence we will start a new serial story and it would be a good time for you to start in. If you get a copy of the paper and do not care to subscribe, hand the copy to a neighbor, he may be looking for something of the kind. Remember the dollar and a half pays you up to the 1st of January, 1904.

FIRE destroyed the immense ore docks at Ashland on Saturday and in the conflagration a dozen or more workmen and others lost their lives. The docks belonged to the Wisconsin Central railroad and are said to be the largest in the world. The loss is something over half a million dollars. The fire started near the center of the dock and cut off a number of men from shore who were on the other side of the flames, and some of them lost their lives by jumping into the waters of the bay. It is said that the docks will be rebuilt.

STEVENS POINT is to have a new wall paper mill in the near future, the arrangements having been about completed for its erection. The plant will occupy the site formerly occupied by one of the Wisconsin Central shops. A solid brick building 300 feet in length will be the first structure to be erected by the company.

Notice to Physicians.

Sealed bids for medicine, medical and surgical services including treatment for all contagious diseases, surgical appliances and all professional assistance for treating the inmates now at the poor farm and also all that may become inmates of said poor farm within one year commencing December 6th, 1902, will be received by the undersigned up to noon Dec. 6th, 1902. In case bid is accepted a bond in the sum of \$500 executed with sufficient surety and to be approved by the undersigned, also a contract in writing approved by the physician whose bid is accepted. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved. Bids to be left with the county clerk.

JOHN RAUSCH.
Chairman of Poor Farm and Poor Accounts.

IF YOU ARE LOOKING

For anything in the line of Jewelry. Silverware, Gold and Silver Watches, Cut Glass or Fine China, you will probably find what you want at my jewelry store. Some fine pieces for Christmas, Birthday or Wedding presents. Call and examine the stock. No trouble to show goods.

W. G. SCOTT,

THE WEST SIDE JEWELER.

CENTRALIA HARD- WARE COMPANY

— DEALERS IN —

Heavy and Shelf HARDWARE.

Heating
and
Cook
Stoves;
the
kind
that
save
wood,
the
kind
you
want.

THE finest line of GRANITE WARE in this section can be found at this store. We keep the STRANSKY IMPORTED WARE, which is the best on earth. Every piece is a thing of beauty and a joy forever to the housewife.

Centralia Hardware
Company,

WEST SIDE, - - GRAND RAPIDS.

CANDY KITCHEN



Good Enough to Eat.

A man who never eats candy made that remark first time he tasted some of ours. He has become a regular customer and never fails to take home a package of this delicious

COFECTIONERY

two or three times each week. To see is to taste and to taste is to like.

One never gets tired of these candies. The great variety permits many changes. And the excellent quality and exquisite flavor wins approval everywhere.

CANDY KITCHEN,
Geo. Aiken's Proprietor, East Side.

—John Dengler's Capital for 5 cents is a gentleman's smoke.

FINE FINISHED PHOTOGRAPHS...

That is the only kind of work that is turned out at the Morterud Studio. Every photo that is made is as near perfect as it is possible to get it before it is delivered. I have several new styles of mounts that are especially fetching for holiday work, and if you contemplate having any photos made for this season you should come now, and there will be no question of your getting them in plenty of time.

Morterud's

STUDIO, EAST SIDE

KIRSCHBAUM

HAND-MADE CLOTHING.



This is the grade of clothing that pleases the men folks. Every garment is just as perfect as if it had been cut to order, at one-half the cost.



COPYRIGHT 1902 BY
A. E. KIRSCHBAUM & CO.

Men's Suits

We show all the new creations and a long line of stylish fabrics. In selecting our clothing every detail of finish, lining, trimming and fit is closely noted and you get the best money can buy here. You buy a suit at any price and you get true value or your money back. Prices range from . . .

\$4 to \$20.



COPYRIGHT 1902 BY
A. E. KIRSCHBAUM & CO.

1.50 to 6.00.
Long pants suits, age 12 to 20....
3.00 to 10.00.

Boys' Suits.

There are hundreds to pick from. Among them is the McMillans, the great wear resisters. Mothers, should your boy need a new suit come right in here, you will have no trouble to find just the right kind. Knee pants suits, age 5 to 16.

4.00 to 10.00.

Coats 36 to 50 inches long, the latest in Swagger cut coats, Italian serge and worsted linings, with or without cuffs, regular or vertical pockets, the best that is produced.

10.00, 12.00, 15.00, 18.00.

Boys' Overcoats and Reefs.

We have bargains to offer you every week. We buy our goods in enormous quantities and that is why we can do better by our customers than any other store in town.

Hardware Department.

If you have not got in that heating stove yet it is about time that you called at our hardware department and had Pete fit you out with a heater. Fuel is going to bring a good price this coming winter and a good stove will save you many a dollar.

Johnson & Hill Company's

BIG . . . DEPARTMENT STORES.

Grand Rapids,

Wisconsin

FRANK A. CADY,
Attorney at Law.

Offices in Wood Block, (East Side) Grand
Rapids, Wisconsin. A general law business
conducted.

REAL ESTATE MATTERS A SPECIALTY
If you want to sell your farm or house and lot,
list it for sale with me. If you want to buy a
farm, a house in the city, or wild land, let me
tell you where you can do the cheapest and best.
Real estate loans, and investments negotiated.
Defective Titles Perfected.

GOGGINS & BRAZEAU,
Attorneys at Law.

Office in the MacKinnon Block on the West
Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

WHEELAN & WHEELAN.

Attorneys at Law.

Office in the Daily Block on the East Side,
Grand Rapids, Wis.

B. M. VAUGHAN,

Attorney at Law.

Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission.
Gardner Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

W. J. CONWAY,

Attorney at Law.

Offices in Court House, East Side, and Mac-
Kinnon Block, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

CONWAY & JEFFREY,

Attorneys at Law.

Law, Loans and Collections. We have \$20,000
which will be loaned at a low rate of interest.
Office over First National Bank, East Side,
Grand Rapids, Wis.

GEO. H. METCALFEE,

Attorney at Law.

Office in MacKinnon block on the west side,
Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

DR. ROBT. F. ERLER.

Dentist.

Teeth extracted and filled without pain. Full
sets in gold and rubber plates. Office over
Court House on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. O. T. HOUGEN,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office over Daily's drug store on east side, Grand
Rapids. Office phone No. 318, residence No. 102.

DR. W. D. HARVIE.

Physician and Surgeon.

Specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses
accurately fitted. Office over Johnson & Hill
Co's store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. J. J. LOOZE,

Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 62. Residence telephone No. 246.
Office over Wood County Drug store on the East
Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. L. RIDGMAN,

Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 92. Residence phone No. 23.
Office over Church's Drug Store on West Side,
Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. F. POMAINVILLE.

Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone at office No. 33; residence No. 228.
Office in rear of Stein's Drug Store on East
Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. D. WATERS,

Physician and Surgeon.

Night Calls at Drexel House, telephone No. 35.
Office over Church's Drug Store, telephone 182.
West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. CHAS. POMAINVILLE,

Dentist.

Telephone No. 216. Office in Pomainville Block
West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. D. A. TELFER,

Dentist.

Office over Wood County National Bank on the
East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. F. D. HUMPHREY,

Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate Homeopathic and Allopathic Schools
Special attention given to women and children
and all chronic diseases. Office over Candy
Kitchen, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. B. CRAWFORD,

Dentist.

High grade service at reasonable fees. Office
in Kieland building on the East Side, Grand
Rapids, Wis.

WANT COLUMN.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be published in this
column at the rate of 5 cents per line; no ad
taken for less than 10 cents. If you want to
buy, sell or trade anything, try the want
column.

TAKEN UP—Last August, a hornless steer,
about 1 year old, speckled with white, has
particular mark. Person swearing to same
can have property by paying charges.
Julius Mathews, Sycel, Wis.

MONEY TO LOAN—C. E. Boles.

FOR RENT—Eight room house on east side.
Inquire of Charles S. Whittlesey.

FOR RENT—An eight room house. For further
information call at the Tribune office.

WANTED—Girls wanted at the Riverside steam
laundry.

From an Auctioneer.

Col. C. H. McDonald of Greenview,
Ills., in a letter May 1st, 1901, says,
"I am an auctioneer and being often
exposed to the weather, am seriously
troubled by my throat becoming irritated
and hoarseness following.
When troubled in this way, I always
use Hart's Honey and Hoehnhound. It
is the only remedy that has ever done
me any good and it positively cures.
Sold by Sam Church druggist."

Grand Rapids Tribune.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Dr. G. F. Witter went to Marshfield
on Saturday to visit with relatives.

Mrs. Geo. Frechette is confined to
her bed with an attack of lumbago.

J. W. Cochran spent Sunday in Mil-
waukee, having gone down on busi-
ness.

Wilbur Briere is home for a few
days, visiting his parents and other
relatives.

Mrs. J. C. Willard returned Mon-
day from a short visit with relatives in
Plymouth.

A boy baby arrived at the home of
Mr. and Mrs. John Dokka of the west
side on Monday.

Chas. Keraeem spent a few days
last week in Wausau visiting with his
numerous friends.

Miss Mac Jefferson left today for
Stevens Point to spend Thanksgiving
with her relatives.

C. A. Booth of the Milwaukee Even-
ing Wisconsin was in the city on
Tuesday on business.

The Misses Little and Laura Lemley
arrived home today to spend Thanks-
giving with their relatives.

Mrs. George Huntington has been
quite sick for some time past but is con-
siderably better at this time.

Jack Star went to Bruce on Satur-
day where he will work the ensuing
winter for the Arpin Lumber Co.

Mrs. Mary Dougherty of Stevens
Point will be a guest at the James
Miller home over Thanksgiving.

Edward Thompson, operator at the
Wisconsin Central depot, spent Sun-
day with his parents at Marshfield.

E. M. Wild of Minneapoisen, state
deputy, addressed the Woodmen of the
World at their hall Tuesday evening.

Come out and see "California,"
the greatest drama of the age at the
Grand Opera House, Monday, Dec. 1st.

Miss Rebekah Shapiro expects to
leave this evening for LaCrosse to
spend Thanksgiving among friends.

Miss Eleone Slattery leaves to-day
for Lone Pine with the intention of
spending Thanksgiving with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones of Se-
mour were in the city the past week
the guests of Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Boor-
man.

Mrs. F. MacKinnon and daughter
Mildred returned home on Thursday
from a trip to several cities south of
here.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wal-
doch of Sigel was brightened on
Thursday by the arrival of a boy
baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shea left today
for Necedah where they will spend
Thanksgiving with friends and relatives.

Miss Edith Stinchfield of Waupaca
and Mrs. A. E. Gurdy of Port Ed-
wards are visiting friends in the city
today.

H. O. Beadle of Beloit was here on
Wednesday and Thursday to visit
with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F.
Beadle.

Miss Grace Hoskinson expects to
leave this week for Chicago where
she will once more take up the study
of music.

Mrs. Clark Stevens and little daugh-
ter Marguerite of Waupaca are the
guests of Mrs. R. Rowland and mother
Mrs. M. Stevens.

Frank Patterson left on Saturday
for Catawba where he has accepted a
position for the winter with the Arpin
Lumber company.

Miss Ethel Kelley arrived in the
city from Milwaukee on Friday and
expects to spend the winter with her
parents in this city.

Harry Gardner arrived home from
the university at Madison to-day to
spend Thanksgiving with his mother
and other relatives.

T. J. Cooper and Walter Gardner
returned on Wednesday from the
north where they had been after deer.
They only succeeded in killing one
deer, the bad weather having made
it very disagreeable to be in the woods.
Mr. Cooper has been laid up with a
heavy cold much of time since his
return, but is now able to be around.

W. G. Scott is moving into the Ten-
nant house. The hill seems to be
taken with moving epidemic. J. T.
McCarthy will move back in his house
now occupied by Mr. Scott, E. A. Up-
ham in his new home now occupied by
Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Berard will
again take possession of his house on
the hill. Geo. Frechette will move
into the Vanderhei house as soon as
Mrs. Frechette is able.

The dance given by the Hackett
Baraboo orchestra was not as largely
attended as was expected although
there was a fair sized crowd in the
hall during the evening. While the
music furnished was fairly good it
seemed to be the general opinion of
those present that it was no better
nor hardly as good as that furnished
by our home boys when they play for
a dance. Those who attended had a
good time.

Miss Irene Styles of Babcock was
the guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr.
and Mrs. James McLaughlin on
Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Bessie Gaynor is expected
home this evening from Wausau to
spend Thanksgiving with her parents,
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gaynor.

Misses Laura Duggan and Carrie
Miller expect to leave today for Hur-
ley, where they will visit for a few
days with Miss Duggan's sister.

Mrs. Jessie Love expects to leave
the latter part of this week for Grand
Rapids, Minn., where she will join her
husband who is employed there.

Mrs. E. S. Renne and daughter,
Mrs. Harry Sanderson, left on Sat-
urday for Stevens Point where they
will visit relatives for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jones of Mazomanie,
parents of Mrs. A. M. Mair and Mrs.
D. A. Telfer, arrived in the city last
week to visit with their daughters.

"California"—One of the most
delightful dramas that has ever been
seen on any stage will appear at the
Grand Opera house, Monday, Dec. 1st.

Geo. B. McMillan and F. E. Kellner
received a carload of fine Michigan
apples last week which they had no
trouble in disposing of in short order.

—One big load of dry kindling wood
delivered to any part of the city for
\$1.25. BANGER BOX & LUMBER Co.
Telephone No. 314.

L. M. Nash came down from the
vicinity of Marquette on Wednesday
evening and spent the following day
in this city looking after business
matters. He left again the next day
for the woods with the intention of
putting in a few more days hunting.

Louis Fournier is building an addition
to his house in the shape of a
kitchen which, when finished, will add
very materially to the room in the
house.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Shumway of
Stevens Point are expected to arrive
in the city today to spend Thanks-
giving with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis
Kroemer.

Henry Demitz and Will Martin
hunted in the vicinity of Arpin on
Sunday and Monday. They were
after deer but luck seemed to be
against them.

Mrs. E. Humphrey of Omro arrived
in this city last week and expects to
spend the winter with Dr. and Mrs. O.
T. Hougen. Mrs. Humphrey is the
mother of Mrs. Hougen.

Mrs. D. Conway left on Tuesday
for Madison, where she will visit her
parents and other friends for a week.
Mrs. Conway also expects to spend
Thanksgiving at Madison.

Miss Sheridan, who has been teach-
ing in our public schools since the
opening of the school year, has re-
signed her position and will go to
California for her health.

—Remember that without question
the finest drama ever seen in this
city will be at the Opera house Mon-
day evening Dec. 1st.

Jean Stevens, who has just settled
on the Cornell place, was happily sur-
prised by his two brothers and their
families from the west, who came to
spend Thanksgiving with him.

Charles Heik of Port Edwards, who
recently lost his arm by getting it
caught in the machinery at the mill,
is getting along as nicely as can be
expected under the circumstances.

Mrs. Roy Granfeld of Chelsea is the
guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
Herbert Kellogg. Mr. Granfeld is
also expected down to spend Thanks-
giving with the family in this city.

The Elks at Merrill have appropri-
ated \$500 for the purpose of decorating
and furnishing their lodge rooms.
They have also enlarged their rooms
and they will be fixed up in oriental
design.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmueler drove to
Stevens Point and return on Thurs-
day. John says it was very dark on
the return trip and he had several
close escapes from running into tele-
phone poles.

Mr. A. B. Crawford is again to take
up his dental business after an illness
of several months. All of the doctor's
old friends will be pleased to
hear of his recovery and to know that
he is able to be about again.

Wrinkles are smoothed away by
its healing touch. Brain tired and
depressed people will find a cure in
Rocky Mountain Tea, 35 cents a
package.

Conductor H. L. Bartholomew re-
turned on Friday from a trip to
Drummond where he had been for a
week hunting deer. He succeeded in
securing one fine specimen as a re-
sult of his ability as a hunter.

Miss Esther Davis, who has been
visiting relatives and friends in this
city for the past two weeks, leaves
today for White Falls, Wis., where
she expects to remain until spring,
after which she will return to her
home in Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Biron, who for
years have been numbered among the
best known citizens of Grand Rapids,
are now residents of Stevens Point,
having moved here recently, and are
nicely located on Bliss avenue.—
Stevens Point Gazette.

The line of fancy box stationery
at the Johnson & Hill drug depart-
ment is worth looking at if you ever
use anything in this line.

John Jacobson of the town of Car-
son was a caller at the Tribune office
on Monday. Mr. Jacobson informed
us that a rural route had just been es-
tablished from Stevens Point to the
town of Carson and hereafter Mr.
Jacobson will have the Tribune
brought to his home instead of going
to Rudolph for his mail.

T. J. Cooper and Walter Gardner
returned on Wednesday from the
north where they

EXIT THE CHAPERON

.....By JANE MEREDITH

Copyright, 1901, by A. S. Richardson

Every one at the Beaconsfield inn had begun to talk about it. This did not make Jim Paxton feel any more cheerful. To be outwitted at every turn by a lynx-eyed and indefatigable chaperon was bad enough, but to realize that all the boarders at the summer hotel were enjoying the game was adding insult to injury.

Up to the third Saturday in July Mrs. Davidson had been an ideal chaperon. She averaged three headaches a week, and these demanded seclusion in her darkened room. During the hops she chattered contentedly with other dowagers in supreme indifference to the fact that her charge, Eleanor Montgomery, was sifting out every other "extra" on the dim and shadowy porch. She declared that one chaperon on a sailing party was sufficient; so, as young Mrs. Baldwin never got seasick, while Mrs. Davidson invariably succumbed to the uncomfortable sensation, the gay little bride went with the young people on the Bonnie Belle, and Mrs. Davidson read the latest problem novel on the hotel porch.

But on the night of the third Saturday in July Mrs. Davidson underwent a curious change. Vigilance was stamped upon her usually placid features, and she watched Eleanor as if she expected the girl to be kidnapped and held for a ransom. Simultaneously with the appearance of these symptoms Jim Paxton, joyfully anticipating three weeks of Eleanor's society, arrived at the Inlet.

Eleanor, clad in a fetching frock of white mohair, with a spreading collar of deep blue that opened to show her graceful throat, was on the porch when the wagonette drove up from the station. The other girls, whose elaborate but diaphanous gowns had yielded to the inexorable sea air, looked limp and colorless beside Eleanor. Jim Paxton recalled with a certain pride of possession that he had never seen her when she was not well dressed. He could imagine her in lustrous velvet presiding over his dinner table, with the old Paxton plate and the damask that the Paxtons had for years imported from a certain Dublin firm.

After he had greeted her, and incidentally and perforce a number of other people of no consequence whatever from his point of view, he retired to his room. The first thing he did was to take from his grip a small package wrapped in heavy white paper. Next came tissue paper of faintest blue, then deep blue case, just the color of Eleanor's eyes, and last a stone that blazed against its nest of satin like a comet in a starless heaven.

"It's nervy, sure enough, to bring this down," he said, turning the ring to the light. "But I don't believe she's



HE WAS SITTING ON THE PIER TALKING WITH JEAN BROWN.

been blind all winter, and she's not the sort to lead a fellow on." He laid the jewel case on the dressing table and beside it seven photographs of Eleanor and a thick bunch of letters. They seemed to justify the purchase of the ring. Then he dressed for the evening, slipping the ring into his pocket, with the thought, "I'll have this on her finger before forty-eight hours have passed."

But he had not reckoned on Mrs. Davidson. Before half of the forty-eight hours had passed he realized that something had come between him and the girl of his heart. Before the given term had expired he realized that the something was Eleanor's chaperon. Then he sat down calmly and took account of stock. Eligible? Yes—good family. Exclusive? Not so much so. No blot on the scutcheon that he knew of. Rich? Yes, much better off than the Montgomeries and in a conservative way. Rather good looking; well dressed always; belonged to the requisite number of clubs of the requisite standing; could lead a gentleman; was a fairly good whip; never had been recognized as a bore. Great heavens! What did the woman expect of her niece's fiance?

For how could he know that years before his rich old bachelor uncle had trifled with the heart of Winnie Blakey, now Mrs. Prescott Davidson? How could he know the bitterness with which the sensitive girl had watched the illusions of her first love afford fall like a mist at her feet? She had known so little and he so much.

Mrs. Davidson had been abroad during the winter and knew nothing of

the growing attachment between her niece and young Paxton, but from the moment of his arrival she devoted herself to foiling his every effort to be alone with Eleanor. Her headaches mysteriously disappeared. She assumed an interest in sailing that was diligently supported by a newfangled cure for seasickness. At the hops she no longer chattered in the dowagers' corner, but her eyes watched Eleanor's every movement. Clambakes became a source of delight, and her capacity for long walks discouraged the resourceful Jimmy.

Two weeks were almost gone, and the ring still lay in his pocket. He was sitting on the pier, talking with Jean Brown, Eleanor's most intimate friend. There was a twinkle in Jean's eyes, and, taking courage, he poured his trouble in her sympathetic ears, finally working himself up into a fine fury.

"Diplomacy, diplomacy," urged Jean when he stopped at last, only, however, from lack of breath. "You're going on the wheeling trip to the Point tomorrow, aren't you?"

"Yes, but Mrs. Davidson even rides a wheel."

"Well, I'm going down to the village now. I believe I can find a cure for her wheeling fad. Personally I think it's bad form for a woman of her age to ride, even to protect her niece. Goodby."

Jean went away smiling, and Jim felt strangely comforted. That night when they met in the dim corridor Jean slipped something into his hand. It was a gray cube and it felt like pasteboard. He glanced at her curiously.

"The antidote for an overdose of chaperon. I'll leave the rest to you."

When the bicyclers started out the next morning, something was wrong with Eleanor's wheel. With commendable patience Jim tinkered at it, while Mrs. Davidson, looking remarkably natty in her English-made suit, watched the rest of the party steadily growing dimmer down the firm beach road.

At last the trio started, and at the first smooth stretch of road Jimmy offered Eleanor a "box of the best" if she'd beat him to the party now rounding the cliffs. She was off like the wind, never looking back to see whether Jimmy was gaining on her. Once she thought she heard a feminine scream not unlike Mrs. Davidson's, but she did not dare to look back.

When she dashed into the merry group at the Point there was a chorus of questions. "Where is dear Mrs. Davidson?" And Jimmy Paxton, tearing breathlessly after her, explained shamelessly that Mrs. Davidson's tire had been punctured at the first bend in the road and she'd decided to go back.

When the Paxton-Montgomery wedding occurred, the groom did the unconventional thing. He presented the maid of honor with a souvenir of the occasion, for, as he explained:

"Jean, you gave me a five cent box of tacks once, beside which this meanly sunburst pales into insignificance."

A Story of John Randolph.

The Philadelphia Times tells a good story of John Randolph, that descendant of Pocahontas who figured so brilliantly in congress as a representative of Virginia. He was once accosted on the piazza of a hotel by a young blade who had been boasting of his acquaintance with Randolph and who thought he could bluff the Virginian into speaking to him before the admiring guests of the hostelry. He planted himself before Randolph and saluted him with: "Good morning, senator."

"Morning!" replied Randolph without the faintest sign of recognition.

"Fine day, senator."

"A fact apparent to everybody, sir," came from the Virginian.

"Er—what is going on, senator?" persisted the cad, flushing under the rebuff of the senator.

"I am, sir."

Wild with indignation, the accoster made a detour, met Randolph face to face on another part of the porch and, planting himself firmly in the way, declared:

"I never turn out for any low, mean, sneaking, contemptible puppys!"

"I always do," said Randolph mildly as he stepped to one side and continued his promenade.

Mozart's Requiem.

One night came a stranger, knocking at Mozart's door, and commanded:

"Write me a mass for the dead."

"Surely my hour is almost come," said the musician. "I must write."

And again came the stranger in the night and asked:

"Is the mass for the dead ready for the playing?"

The tension of toil was tightened. The Harmonies, filled with such rapture as only immortal spirits know, did their utmost. The musician lay dead, with the requiem mass in his hand.

The next night came the stranger, querying:

"Is the mass for the dead complete?"

In the wonder and majesty of the stars the seven Harmonies went their way. Their light left a quiver of light like that a burning meteor streaks across the affrighted sky. The soul of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart winged back to the place of souls, and the body was tumbled into a pauper's grave—a grave in which two others rested, very bumble and much worn with toil. No stone marks the spot. The place has been forgotten—Mrs. E. W. Peattie in Atlantic.

Unappreciated.

"I think, my dear," said the proud mother as the daughter sat at the piano and let few thrillful thrills escape, "we should send Mabel abroad to have her voice cultivated."

"All right," replied the husband and father, "and the farther abroad she cultivates it the better."—Chicago News.

PAROLES NOT REVOKED.

General Grant Laid Down the Law to President Johnson.

Daniel R. Goodloe, for many years a distinguished resident of Washington and chairman of the commission to free the slaves of the District, once told this story:

"One morning soon after the surrender at Appomattox I was one of a group of gentlemen standing on Pennsylvania avenue, discussing the momentous questions of the day. As we talked General Grant rode toward us, smoking his usual cigar. Recognizing several of us, he dismounted and joined us.

"What's the news?" he asked.

"I answered, 'We are discussing a piece of news which comes to us directly from the White House and which gives me no little concern.' 'What is it?' asked the general.

"I understand that President Andrew Johnson intends to revoke the parole of General Lee and other generals of the late Southern Confederacy."

"Who was your informant?" asked General Grant.

"I gave him the name of the gentleman who had given the information."

"General Grant quietly said, 'Thank you, gentlemen,' remounted his horse and rode rapidly away toward the White House.

"I understand that President Andrew Johnson intends to revoke the parole of General Lee and other generals of the late Southern Confederacy."

"Who was your informant?" asked General Grant.

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Cartwright's Trustee

By EVERETT HOLBROOK

Copyright, 1902, by Charles B. Eberhart

WHEN Cameron tilted back his chair against the rough and rugged wall of the log house, the light of the fire shone upon his abundant gray hair and ruddy face, but he had drawn out of the heat. The collar of his flannel shirt flared away upon each side, and I saw his rounded and strong throat, with a triangular bit of his bare chest below.

"Now for the interview," he said, pausing between the words to draw upon his newly lighted pipe with keen enjoyment. "Why am I here? That's the matter of interest, is it? Why do I live in this Adirondack wilderness after those tools over there?" and he waved his hand toward a deal table littered with pens and paper, "have brought me that which you are pleased to call success?"

Upon this he told me the following story:

I visited this region the first time with a hunting party about ten years ago. The others were men whom I had come to know in one way or another, men of means, all of them, while I could hardly raise the amount of my fare.

In some way which is not important to this narrative I became separated from my friends one day when we were roaming the primeval forest together. It was a startling experience, for the chances were excellent that I might wander all night in the cold, and at that time I was not robust. However, just as it was growing dark I fell in with a man upon whose neck I could have wept for joy, though I had not the pleasure of a previous acquaintance with him.

He may have been forty years old, brown as an Indian, slender, tall and lithe. His voice had a cheery ring, his eyes were bright, his language had the way of the woods, but when we passed beyond the first quick questions and answers I perceived that he did not lack cultivation. His name was Robert Cartwright.

He led me to this house, and, though he tried to moderate his pace to mine, I had hard work to follow him.

When Cartwright set foot upon the slab of rock that makes the step outside there, the door was suddenly flung open, and a pleasant voice cried, "Why, Bobby, how late you are!"

The next moment "Bobby" was being kissed in a very simple, unaffected and altogether enviable fashion, and he was contributing liberally to the demonstration when he happened to remember me, which is more than I had a right to expect under the circumstances. Mrs. Cartwright had not yet become aware that her husband was not alone, for she had come out of the brightness into the dusk.

"There is some one with me," I heard Cartwright whisper. And then he presented me most agreeably.

Yet there was a touch of formalism in his words and manner. They savored of the city. And when Mrs. Cartwright greeted me she was not quite so fine a woman as she had been a minute before, with her arms around her husband's neck. I had introduced an element of artificiality. I had carried them back.

"I wish our boy were here," said Cartwright presently. "You'd then see our little home just right. But he's gone to a boarding school."

"We are sorry that we sent him," said Mrs. Cartwright. And then she showed me a photograph of a boy of ten years.

I was able to say without prevarication that Bobby junior was the image of his sire.

Well, we had a great supper, for which I had the better appetite be-

cause of waiting while the preparation of it was completed. In this task the husband assisted.

I was a very formal fellow in those days. My manner was as stiff as a starched shirt collar (and he pulled his flannel garment open a little wider at these words). From the outset I could see that Mrs. Cartwright detected the flavor of my breeding and that her woman's nature would not let her admit any deficiency on her own part. Indeed, there was no need of it, for she was born and bred a lady and quite in the circle of my own family's acquaintance, as I learned presently, for she was a Wayne of the old Connecticut stock, and the Camerons were proud of an alliance with them two generations ago, when both were rich.

Some talk of this very distant rela-

tionship brought us nearer together and carried us farther from the woods. I answered many questions about the news of cities and heard some old stories which led me to know that Cartwright had not lived always in the wilderness by any means.

His voice changed, and his eyes began to glisten.

"In the long winter evenings," he continued, "I began to write to a little girl. She was only sixteen, and she was going to school. I wrote bear stories for her and lonesome tales of the woods. You must understand that just before my pecuniary disaster I had chance to see her, and somehow her beauty—at this point Mrs. Cartwright tried to cover her mouth with her hand—"her beauty," he persisted, "and her innocence had remained with me. And she had remembered me. Think of it—me, the profligate! What miracles doth heaven grant! Well, well, I wrote her stories of the woods, and finally I wrote her love stories, and so at last, being quite free in the world, though only nineteen when this happened, she came up into the wilderness to see me, and we were married at Pine Knot, five miles down the lake.

"Therefore," he went on, extending his left hand toward a pitcher of cider on the table, "I shall propose the health of all thieving, rascally trustees who steal the money of those foolish heirs who are not fit to have it. Ah, Mr. Cameron, think what he did for me! Think of this pure, healthy life among the fragrant trees! I am supremely happy. I bless him. I honor him. Here's to him—old Archibald Withington—may the saints receive him!"

I was about to raise my glass, but laid it down again.

"Archibald Withington," said I.

"Why, I know him. He has offices in the same building as myself."

"You're thinking of his son," said Cartwright, smiling.

"Pardon me," I rejoined. "The man I'm thinking of can't be the son of any one now living. He is more than a hundred years old. I should say, though he hasn't grown a day older in ten years. He is tall as a tree, straight as a gun barrel, and he bears a scar upon his left cheek that he says he got in the civil war, though I think it was more likely the Revolution."

"Archibald Withington in New York," cried Cartwright. "He has made another fortune. Then—

"He has always been rich," said I.

"He was never ruined. He never died."

We were all upon our feet by this time and very much excited.

"Cartwright," said I, "your uncle-tell me about him. You say that he was strict, severe. By heavens, he took this means to reform you, with Withington's connivance, of course. Was there any provision in your father's will which could give the color of honesty to—"

"Much; much was left to Withington's discretion," said Cartwright in a



SHE WAS SITTING ON THE ARM OF HIS CHAIR.

wright die—as is the duty of a poor man with a pretty wife—I couldn't fancy Mrs. Cartwright returning to fight the battle over again.

It is true that I was puzzled by the fervency of her prayer for the dishonest trustee, though I judged it was a part of her fidelity to her husband, a part of her long resolve never to reproach him for their poverty.

He raised her hand to his lips before he answered the question which he had seen in my eyes.

"I suppose he saved my life," said Cartwright, "and that is why Marjory blesses him. May heaven bless her! I was a wild boy, Mr. Cameron. My father always gave me plenty of money, and I went the pace," as the phrase is."

"He was not so bad, I guess," said Marjory, with a hand upon his head, where I observed that the dark brown hair was thin at the back of the crown.

"Let my bald spot be the witness to my crimes," said he, reading my eye again. "It was bigger at twenty-five years than it is now, and a fellow doesn't get such an ornament for nothing. Late hours, champagne, bad tobacco in stifling cafes under the glare of lights! Yes, yes; it is a blessing that my trustee became a thief before I had time to become anything worse myself."

"I was beginning to feel the strain. My poor doctor pointed out an open grave to me every time I went to see him, and finally he drove me up into the woods for a little rest. He did it by promising that the relaxation would give me life for a year and perhaps two of the fun that I was having."

"Fun," echoed Mrs. Cartwright.

"Upoo my soul," said her husband. "It was the emptiest, painfulest, most sodden, wretched and hopeless existence ever suffered by a mortal creature. But I didn't know it then. Well, I came up into the Adirondacks with half a dozen other prodigies before whom the grave also rawned, and we endeavored to restore our health by sitting all day and night in the room of a little hotel a few miles from here drinking bad liquor and playing cards for money. I remember that the luck was dead against me all the time—the worst run I ever had. Indeed, about the third day I sent a hasty call to my trustee for funds. But, Mr. Cameron, at the very moment when I was writing to him he was a bankrupt and twenty-four hours later he was on his secret way to South America, or some say to China, with the wreck of his dishonesty. Heaven forgive and bless him! It was the beginning of a new life to me."

"You went back to town and started over again, I suppose?"

"I have never been out of these woods since then," said Cartwright, "except when I took my boy down to Albany to school at the beginning of this fall. In the old days when that thunderbolt hit me I went to bed, believing that the grave which my doctor had pointed out to me was my only refuge and wishing to encourage it to yawn as hard and fast as possible. Presently my cross and crabbed old uncle, William Cartwright, from Brooklyn, appeared upon the scene and favored me with the details of my ruin. He closed by offering me a small allowance on the bargain that I would live up here in the woods for a year or for longer unless my health should be fully restored.

"I was willing. There was no reason why I should go back. But dying isn't so easy up here. Strangely enough, I acquired an appetite for life. I began to go out hunting with a guide and surprised him—and myself far more—by developing into a first rate shot with a rifle. Before the end of that winter I had gained nearly twenty pounds, though you wouldn't call me fat as I stand, and I could eat bear meat right off the bear."

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"Mr. Cameron, I liked the life. I was

trembling voice. "And yet the money is undoubtedly mine. Did anybody ever hear of such scandalous, infamous robbery as this? Marjory, my poor girl! And I have kept you slaving in this wilderness, without a rag of clothes, without a jewel!"

"We have been happy here," she said through hysterical tears. "But for our son's sake I think we ought to make some attempt to have our rights."

"Attempt!" cried Cartwright. "Well, you just watch me. I'll stand those two old villains on their venerable heads. I'll!"

"Oh, dear! (Mr. Cameron continued). To think what I did to them, those kind and happy folks who welcomed me to their hospitable table that evening! They went back to the city, and they found the truth to be as I conjectured. It had been done for Cartwright's good."

"So they got all their money (he rambled on), and a great sum it was. Cartwright gave me \$1,000 and this cabin. He and his wife took a house on Fifth avenue, and they went much into society—for the sake of the child, they said, though what difference it could make to a boy I don't know. If it had been a girl—but why discuss it?

I called at their house when I was in the city last year, and Mrs. Cartwright had me to lunch. Her husband was too ill to come downstairs—too ill to see me, in fact. I don't wonder. They live very high, and when a man has been used to open air and good, wholesome food the change goes hard with him. A woman, of course, can stand anything—except worse clothes than her neighbors. And Mrs. Cartwright dresses wonderfully well, but she's beginning to look old. Poor woman! She was so pretty, so rosy, so happy and healthy here that night in the light of the fire! And it's not so long ago.

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"Another Novel Fire Engine.

The chief of the fire department in Rouen, France, has invented a fire pump which can be operated by tapping the current of any street car or electric light system. The pump is small enough to be drawn easily by one horse in a light, two-wheeled cart, but sufficiently powerful to throw a stream of water 100 feet high. In a trial the new pump developed its full energy in three minutes, while a steam pump required fourteen minutes to get up the same pressure.

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SELECTIONS

THIS VERY FAST AGE.

Still Dissatisfied in Spite of Our Tremendous Speed Development.

The more civilized men become the more restless. The aboriginal brother was never in a hurry, but he managed to get around to his last resting place on time.

It is said that the old Dutch galley-man of the last century was always satisfied if he got to the West Indies in his slow moving "yacht" in a year. We now cross the ocean in less than six days, but are no better satisfied than the mariner of old. Recently the Kronprinz Wilhelm made the voyage from Cherbourg to New York in five days, eleven hours and fifty-seven minutes, making an average gait of 23.09 knots. Her owners are no better satisfied though she had beaten her own best previous performance by three hours. They are still looking for another record.

We now have a running horse that does a mile in 1:27 4-5. A great trotter has been nearly blowing its lungs out to make a mile within two minutes for some time past. Vanderbilt's automobile has been driven a mile in 43.5 seconds. Great locomotives now pull heavy express trains a mile a minute.

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Fall and Winter Styles

BIRON.

Mrs. Frank Laughlin entertained at six o'clock dinner on Monday in honor of her twentieth birthday. A large number of guests were present and a very pleasant evening spent.

The funeral of Sheridan Jessmer was largely attended by friends from this place, nearly the entire mill force being brother Woodmen.

A very pleasant dancing party was given at the Dankert home on Saturday evening.

Grant and Willie Miller of Stevens Point visited over Sunday with friends.

Bert Horton was laid up a few days the past week with a sprained ankle.

Startling, but True.

"If every one knew what a grand medicine Dr. King's New Life Pills is," writes D. H. Turner, Dempseytown, Pa., "you'd sell all you have in a day. Two weeks use has made a new man of me." Infallible for constipation, stomach and liver troubles. 25c at John E. Daly's drug store.

PITTSVILLE.

The Landis sewing machine for harness makers seems to be something new in Grand Rapids, but is not so in Pittsville. Our up to date harness maker, C. A. Ludwig, has been using one for several years with great advantage to himself and profit to his patrons. We also have the best equipped shoe shop in the county, the old shoemaker at one time had as good an outfit as is to be found in any shoe factory in the state outside of Milwaukee, but lacked the money to run it and the thing went democratic like our Pittsville bank, but we expect to call a new election on the bank question and Pittsville will have a bank regardless of the sentiment of some outside parties. New institutions are coming in right along, among them our new hotel, the Elm Park, which is a credit to the place. The proprietors, J. C. Kurtz & Son, are sparing no pains in making the house attractive and in giving home comforts to their patrons.

Wm. H. Dawes, son of Wm. A. Dawes, who has been working for the Bradley & Metcalf Shoe Co., Milwaukee, returned home Monday morning. He reports it to be very slack in all the shoe factories at the present time.

Wm. F. Fethkenhure, our candidate for county clerk, has been visiting friends in the city for a few days, but will soon go to Birnamwood where he has accepted a situation as pharmacist in a drug store.

F. C. Wagner of South Dakota, who has bought a farm near here, has also bought the grocery business of L. E. Colvin. Mr. Wagner's son will run the store.

F. A. Rapp and J. J. O'Connor of Marshfield were in town Saturday and stopped at the Elm Park.

Wm. Sprout, who has been working in Wild Rose, returned to our city last Friday.

Fred and Christ Strauss of Monroe, Wis., are visiting friends in town.

A Startling Surprise.

Very few could believe in looking at A. T. Hoadley, a healthy, robust blacksmith of Tilden, Ind., that for ten years he suffered such tortures from Rheumatism as few could endure and live. But a wonderful change followed his taking Electric Bitters. "Two bottles wholly cured me," he writes, "and I have not felt a twinge in over a year." They regulate the kidneys, purify the blood and cure the Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervousness, improve digestion and give perfect health. Try them. Only 50 cts. at John E. Daly's drug store.

CRANMOOR.

Our teachers, Misses Berard and LeBrot, took the Friday afternoon train for their respective homes at Grand Rapids, remaining Saturday and Sunday.

Chas. Westcott and the Misses Marie LeBrot, Lillian Warner, Jennie Berard and Dorothy Fitch were visitors at the Whittlesey home Wednesday evening.

Miss Amelia Kluge came down on the noon train Monday after a week's visit at her Vesper home and attended at the church dedication Sunday.

Gilbert Marvin, Katherine Gilligan and Nellie Young of Nekoosa with Kirk Muir of Grand Rapids were guests at the Fitch home Sunday.

Edward Kruger drove to Grand Rapids Friday. Miss Myra, Charles and Eddie accompanied him home for the usual school interim.

Pearl Rezin attended the musicale given by Miss Edith Lynn at Grand Rapids Friday evening.

Wm. McLain of St. Louis arrived Monday afternoon and will spend some time with his relatives, the W. H. Fitch family.

Harry Whittlesey and the Misses Harriet Whittlesey and Dorothy Fitch spent Thursday and Friday at Grand Rapids.

J. B. Arpin is still a frequent visitor looking after his business interests at this point.

Miss Martha Taylor was a Port Edwards visitor Saturday and Sunday.

J. W. Fitch was a business visitor at Grand Rapids on Monday.

Chas. Westcott was a Grand Rapids visitor Sunday.

Asleep Amid Flames.

Breaking into a blazing home, some firemen lately dragged the sleeping inmates from death. Fancied security, and death near. Is that way when you neglect coughs and colds. Don't do it! Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption gives perfect protection against all Throat, Chest, and Lung Troubles. Keep it near, and avoid suffering, death, and doctor's bills. A teaspoonful stops a little cough, persistent use the most stubborn. Harmless and nice tasting it's guaranteed to satisfy by John E. Daly. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

MARSHFIELD.

Free delivery of mail will be inaugurated in Marshfield on the first of March and a competitive examination for all mail carriers will be held in this city on January 10th. Three carriers will be appointed to commence with, besides which there will be a substitute in order to fill vacancies. Applicants must be between the ages of 18 and 45 years and must be at least 5 feet 4 in height and weight not less than 125 pounds. Applicants desiring to take the examinations must secure blanks for same from Fred Allman, Marshfield, who is the temporary secretary of the board of examiners.

Two eloopers were caught at the depot in this city last Tuesday by the local officers. The man's name was Roguska and had deserted his wife and the female in the case was a girl only 16 years old. They came from Harley, a small town near Wausau and were on their way to St. Paul. The man was about 40 years old. He was arrested on the charge of having deserted his wife.

Patronage at the Marshfield library has been increasing greatly of late and during the month of October 125 books were taken from the institution. The total number of books in the library is now 2200 not counting the public documents.

The election on Wednesday last resulted in the election of Charles Schmirler as alderman of the 4th ward over George Welton, and George H. Reynolds in the 5th ward who ran without opposition.

To the Public

Allow me to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I can recommend it with the utmost confidence. It has done good work for me and will do the same for others. I had a very severe cough and feared I would get pneumonia, but after taking the second dose of this medicine I felt better, three bottles of it cured my cold and the pains in my chest disappeared entirely. I am most respectfully yours for health, Ralph S. Meyers, 64—Thirty-seventh St., Wheeling, W. Va. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. Wood County Drug Store.

H. T. McIntyre, St. Paul, Minn., who has been troubled with a disordered stomach, says: "Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets do me more good than anything I have taken." For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

VESPER.

Among those who transacted business in Grand Rapids during the week are Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Kluge, C. R. Goldsworthy, Mrs. Hessler and daughter Bertha, C. Otto, Lena Otto, Vinnie White, Mrs. P. J. Flanagan, Nellie Flanagan, Lenore Hessler, Jos. and Chas. Ladecid, Ed Wussay, Ed Flanagan, Albert Frederick, J. Q. Rose, Mrs. Charles Sunderland.

The New Lutheran church was dedicated on Sunday. The largest crowd of people ever seen in Vesper was present, there being about two hundred from neighboring towns. The church is built in modern style and the people have something to be proud of.

Quite a number of town people took advantage of the excursion and visited in Vesper on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Schnabel and son Aylward visited at the Flanagan residence on Sunday.

Henry Treutel and B. Mudey shot two large wolves and a deer last week.

Dr. Warner of Arpin made professional calls in Vesper Saturday and Sunday.

The M. W. A. of Vesper are contemplating building a hall in the near future.

Ernie Page and wife of Grand Rapids visited with friends in Vesper on Sunday.

Remember This.

When in need of good reliable cough medicine our readers will do well to remember that Hart's Honey and Horchond not only affords immediate relief but effectually cures. Mrs. Michael Savage of Lincoln, Ills., says of this valuable medicine, "On Saturday night of last week I was awakened and greatly alarmed at finding my daughter, four years of age, suffering from a severe attack of croup. As we always keep bottle of Hart's Honey and Horchond in the house, I gave her three doses of the medicine and in twenty minutes she was entirely out of danger." Hart's Honey and Horchond is sold by Sam Church druggist.

BABCOCK.

On Friday evening there was given a very enjoyable surprise party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Griffith in honor of the twenty-first birthday of their son, Amos. It was a total surprise and was voted a success by all present.

J. J. O'Riley, foreman of the American Grass Twine Co. at this place, left for St. Paul on Wednesday evening with the horses belonging to the company, they having completed operations for this season.

Charles Porter went to Milwaukee on Wednesday evening to undergo an operation for appendicitis. He was operated upon Thursday and at the present writing he is improving.

It looks pretty dusky in some parts of the village. But let us hope it won't get too dark.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lombard have been visiting Tomah for a few days the past week.

Sam Griffith and John Close transacted business at the county seat on Monday.

Mrs. A. Brost visited Marshfield on Monday and Tuesday.

There is a new coon in town.

It stands alone, it towers above. There's no other, its nature's wonder warming poultice to the heart of mankind. Such is Rocky Mountain Tea. Sold by Johnson & Hill Co.

RUDOLPH.

Lenord Reinhart was called to Wausau Sunday on account of his brother's illness, and returned Monday and brought him with him.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Bates departed on Saturday for March Rapids to be the guests of Mrs. Bates' brother, Mr. H. Grandshaw.

Miss Francelia Slattery returned to Grand Rapids after spending a few days at home. Miss Slattery is running a sewing shop.

Eddie Duma returned home to Fond du Lac Saturday. Mr. Duma has been doing some carpenter work for Peter Akey.

Jonnie Peterson and Miss Lechia Riley left Tuesday noon for Florida where they will spend the winter.

Pet Codere and sister Fanny of Port Edwards were guests of their parents between trains on Monday.

Merritt Deniston, who has been visiting friends at Fond du Lac returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. B. St. Dennis spent Sunday in Stevens Point the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Durant.

Emery Provost left Monday for Tomahawk where he will spend a week with his brother.

Mrs. Frank Mabee of Wausau is visiting with friends and relatives in this vicinity this week.

Leonard Crotteau, who has been in Montana during the summer season, is home at present.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Chambers departed for Berlin Monday and stay away about a week.

Mrs. Fred Logan and daughter Meretta started Wednesday for Mother to spend Thanksgiving with her parents.

Walter Coulthart, who has been to Tomah for the past five weeks, is home again.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Gouache of Grand Rapids spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Nevers.

Our famous merchant Mr. L. H. Weyers is still buying potatoes this week.

Mrs. P. Keyzer was taken seriously ill Monday. Dr. Looze being in attendance.

Marcel Rattelle of Port Wing is the guest of his father and brother this week.

John Coulthart is the proud owner of one of J. F. Moore's best wagons.

Peter Brown has been visiting friends in this berg the past week.

Lem LaHaie of your city spent Sunday at the Whitman home.

Mrs. Fred Phillips departed for her home in Milwaukee Saturday.

O. Dudley of your city did some work on his farm here last week.

F. H. Logan was a business visitor in your city Saturday.

BRIEF STATE NEWS.

Unice Odett of Wausau killed herself last Friday by taking strichnine. She left several letters which indicated that the deed was done for love. She had secured the poison at a drug store by telling the clerk that she wanted it for her mother who was going to kill rats and mice with it.

Wausau is becoming quite a hold up town. On Sunday night Frank Genrik was stopped by two men who attempted to take his money away from him, but Genrik slugged one of the men in the face and grabbed with the other and got away without losing anything but his temper. This is the second holdup that has been tried there within a short time.

John Krauss, a young farmer living near Neewah met death early Monday morning by falling from the porch of his house. He struck his head on a pointed stone which penetrated his skull.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

With Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and a recent prescription is one of the best tones known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Sent for testing.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

For up to date trimmed Hats call on Mrs. T. J. Rieman & Co.

Smoke the Wineschek cigar. The best ten cent smoke on earth.

GEO. W. BAKER,

Funeral Director
and Licensed
Embalmer.

All business intrusted to my care will have prompt and careful attention. A qualified lady assistant. Special attention given to night calls.

Telephone 313. Center St. East Side.
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

SNAP SHOTS and BARGAINS

WIND-UP SALE.

One Week Only---Dec. 1st to 6th!

We offer you snaps that we call big bargains to wind up our 1902 year's business, the best record of business done for the time of eleven years. To show up the fact that we appreciate the patronage of our customers, we will offer you very big bargains way down under the market value.

REMEMBER THE DATES.

Good light calico, fast colors, at wind-up sale, per yard.....	2 1/2c
Good dark calico, fast color, per yard.....	3 1/2c
Good dark lawns and dimities worth 6c, at this sale per yard.....	2c
Fancy wool silk striped waisting, worth 90c, now.....	50c
54 inch Ladies' cloth, all wool, worth 85c, now.....	50c
Ladies' Jersey knit skirt worth 90c at this sale.....	45c
Ladies' hemstitched handkerchiefs, always 5c, now.....	3c
Ladies' silk handkerchiefs, fancy embroidered, at this sale.....	10c
Ladies' union suits, fancy trimmed, at this sale.....	35c
Ladies' all wool golf gloves, worth 50c, now.....	29c
Ladies' wool fascinators worth up to 60c, your choice.....	25c
Ladies' corsets, a big line to select from, choice.....	19c
Floor oilcloth in patterns worth 35c per yd.....	20c
Men's heavy duck coats at this sale.....	65c
Men's heavy duck coats, big corduroy collar, worth \$1.50.....	90c
Men's black wool pants, worth \$1.00, at this sale.....	60c
Boys' heavy reefers, worth \$1.50 for only.....	90c
Men's silk ties, a big variety, worth 50c.....	25c
Men's Jersey gloves, leather faced, pair.....	10c

A BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR